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FROM BEGINNING
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CHRISTIANITY IN THE MODERN WORLD. II.

II.

In an earlier article the writer has tried to show that the spiritual uncertainty which has been so striking a feature of the 19th century was due to causes so deeply seated in the intellectual life of the time, that it must be regarded by religious men as part of the Providential discipline of the age. The endeavor was then made to prove that out of the reaction of these intellectual solvents on traditional Christianity, a new form of the Christian synthesis was emerging, which was strikingly adapted to the peculiar social and moral wants of the present and coming age. It was argued that the great and economic movements which have brought the higher and lower races into more intimate relations, and resulted in the political annexation of vast regions in the tropical and sub-tropical zones, have created a problem of the utmost difficulty, and the utmost peril, which can only be solved on the lines suggested by that new form of Christian synthesis.

We pass, now, to a consideration of a new phase of the modern world problem, the inner social condition of the nations of Western Christendom.

We have seen that, within the religious sphere, there has been throughout the more progressive nations of the world a wide-spread anarchy of belief. When we turn to the economic sphere, we find a similar anarchy consequent upon the break-up of the dominant economic orthodoxy. The view of that economic orthodoxy in its classical form was elaborated in its main outlines by Adam Smith, Malthus and Ricardo. With wonderful ability and tenacity these thinkers slowly elaborated their analysis of production, distribution and exchange; of the true meaning of rent, profits and interest; and of the laws of population; and, on the basis of this analysis, the endeavor was made to establish a practical science, whose leading idea was that the welfare of the whole community was best subserved by leaving every individual worker in the great labor house of industry free to seek his own private interest, the sole function of the State, economically regarded, being to take measures that each individual should observe due respect for the like freedom of others. Briefly put, the panacea of the orthodox Political Economy was unfettered competition, with the State holding the ring to see that the

combatants observed the rules of the game. These rules of the game, it was held by many, rested on the natural rights of man. The rights of property, of bequest, of inheritance, of free contract, and so on, were his by nature, and perfect economic freedom was their legitimate consequence. The great dialectic victory which the orthodox Political Economy won over the fallacies and blunders of the mercantile system, with the wonderful expansion of wealth that followed the breaking of the shackles of the past which that victory effected, gave that economic orthodoxy an astonishing prestige in the England of half a century ago. Political Economy for a time seemed to have justified its claim to be a true science, and its maxims were believed to be the sum of political wisdom. All that was needed, it was believed by many, was to familiarize the masses with its principles and deductions, and they would accept their lot as men accept the laws of nature, and endeavor to conform their aims accordingly.

But meantime the conscience of the country was slowly awakening to the enormous evils which were incident to unlimited industrial competition. Lord Shaftesbury's life-long crusade against the evils of the system, and the rise of the great Trades Unions, with the protracted industrial strifes which they caused and the restrictive legislation which they succeeded in carrying for the benefit of the workers, demonstrated the practical impossibility of the Economist Gospel in a democratic age. Carlyle and Ruskin poured eloquent scorn on the sordid ideals of the plutocracy of their day, and adumbrated cloudy visions of a nobler order which had a great influence on the educated youth of the time. Yet from these sources there was more heat than light, and it was always open to the orthodox Economist to appeal to his deduc-

tions and statistics, and to regard all this angry protest as simply another instance of the old story of the revolt of the heart against the head. But, as so often happens, the "heart" was not long in justifying its rebellion. The social evils of the existing order compelled a deeper research into the foundations of that political economy which sought to justify and to perpetuate it. The great movements of thought which, as we saw, have reacted so powerfully on theology, came with the same unsettling influence into the realm of Political Economy. Science brought the conception of evolution into Sociology, Philosophy contributed theories of the State and of morals, and Historical research, working with these new categories, showed that what had been assumed to be natural rights and therefore sacrosanct, were really juridical institutions, which had been wrought out by society in the past with a view to its security and strength under different conditions from those which now prevailed. The conceptions and ideals which society had formed under totally different conditions, society under the new industrial order, it was argued, was perfectly free to discard or transform, if it could be shown that such transformation would be to the advantage of its common life. Gradually the orthodox Political Economy has yielded to the influence of these solvents. The *laissez faire* principle is now generally admitted to be inadequate to the solution of the social problem. *Freiheit ist keine Lösung*, and, with that growing conviction, the present order has become increasingly unstable. So long as the old economic orthodoxy prevailed, a certain measure of stability was possible. So long as the State held the ring, Capital proved itself abundantly able to hold its own in its recurring conflicts with Labor. But the whole position is altered when the State intervenes in the conflict. If La-

bor becomes able, through the increasingly democratic constitution of the nation, to bring the mighty power of the State in its behalf into the arena, few can doubt what will be the result, at least for a time. Now the principle of State intervention has already been admitted, has been acted upon to a very large extent, and is likely to be acted upon to a still greater degree. Society is plainly *en route*. But, we ask, *en route* to what? The coherent stable theory of the old orthodoxy is abandoned; the principle of State intervention is admitted; with every year the democracy becomes better educated, better organized, and more conscious of its material interests and political power. Meantime the cleavage between Capital and Labor becomes deeper. There is, it is to be feared, increasing alienation and suspicion between employers and employed, which comes to light in many ways, of which the constantly recurring labor wars are only one indication. The spirit of Revolutionary Socialism is obviously on the increase among the workmen, and where the struggle for existence is keenest, and the forces of Conservatism strong, this takes the form of Anarchism.

Toward what changes does all this social unrest tend? Many think that it tends toward the complete transformation of the present competitive anarchy into a co-operative organization of Society laboring for common ends. Revolutionary Socialism would effect this at a stroke, whilst the "purified Socialism," with a better understanding of human nature and society, would bring it about by a gradual transformation of existing institutions. With the general view that the co-operative will ultimately supplant the competitive order, the writer of this article is in full accord. That the time for this has come, or that it is even within measurable distance, he is unable to see.

The cardinal difficulty which lies in the way of the co-operative commonwealth is that the individuals of whom it would be composed are not moralized up to the point at which it would be a workable order of society. Ethically, the co-operative idea is unquestionably higher than the competitive. Practically, it would demand from its citizens an intelligence and a self-sacrifice of which they are not yet capable. Supposing, therefore, the experiment of a Socialist State were tried (a supposition which is likely enough), the more advanced spirits in it would require to coerce the lower and more backward in order to prevent it from falling to pieces, and Society would lose in liberty more than it gained in other respects. Nor could the system even then be permanently maintained. Force is no remedy, just as mere freedom is no solution. Reaction would triumph, and Nemesis would once more overtake premature revolution. We may take an illustration from another sphere to bring out the difficulty. We may hold that Democracy is, on the whole, the highest type of political government, and yet the most convinced Democrat among us would not dream of introducing universal suffrage and representative institutions in the India of to-day. India being what it is, we know that the resulting evils would outweigh the advantages, until reaction triumphed over corruption and anarchy, and the old bureaucracy, or an absolutism of a more drastic cast, sat again in the place of power.

We stand to-day, then, if the argument be sound, in this position. The old *régime* of pure *laissez faire* has been proved impracticable. Its intellectual basis has been undermined, many of its inevitable consequences have outraged the conscience of all civilized and Christian States, and all of them to a greater or lesser degree have set about the task of producing a better order by

means inconsistent with its principles. But the opposing ideal of a co-operative commonwealth is also impracticable. Civilized man has got beyond *laissez faire*, he is not ready for the co-operative commonwealth. Freedom is no solution, but Force is no remedy, and therefore, as has been said, we find the same unrest and anarchy in the economic sphere as we have found in the religious world. Society in our time is—

Wandering between two worlds, one
dead,
The other powerless to be born,

and experiences all the misery and unrest of such a state to the full.

Shall it go back to the *régime* of pure competition with its enormous disparities of wealth, its women and child-slaves, its ruthless exploitation of the lower races? Surely to retrace its steps thus would not be to get any nearer to the City of God. Shall it plunge forward into a new social order in which the means of production are controlled by all, and each receives an amount of the proceeds in accordance with his "needs," and wealth and poverty are alike extinguished? Even those who feel most keenly the wrongs of the present order and the rights of the deserving poor may feel that such an issue would be fraught with more evil than good. Shall we then be content with the *status quo*, with its "submerged tenth," its many millions who, as we have been recently told, live just above the hunger line, its increasing class antagonisms, its economic anarchy and instability? Surely none of these courses is possible, and yet it is

difficult to see any other. Western Society seems to have reached an *impasse*.

The root of the whole evil and perplexity, in the judgment of the present writer, lies in our egoistic and materialistic ideas of the good. The *laissez faire* order rests upon the idea that if every man seeks first his own material interests, the result will be the greatest possible common weal. Revolutionary Socialism of the Marx School and the Gotha type, which may fairly be taken as the representative form of the Revolutionary Socialism of to-day,¹ is a revolt against this order in the name of the secular interests of the laboring classes. It claims on their behalf a share of the good things of this life proportioned to the "needs" of each. Its basis is as materialistic and egoistic as that of the older Economists. Its assumption is that the endeavor to secure this share will result in the common good, an assumption which may be readily shown to be unfounded. In truth, we can never reach a harmonious and noble type of society if we start from the idea that the true good for man consists in material things, or that it is to be attained from the motive power of private secular interest in any shape or form. On such a view one of two alternatives must be chosen. The sum of good things being limited, and population tending naturally to increase against those limits, there must therefore always be a fight for this limited sum. Or else, if we fix on the principle that each shall have a share according to his needs, the effect will be that the sum total to be divided will fall off, population will require to be compulsorily limited, and

the way for Collectivism, it is only stated that "the Social Democratic party contends for equal rights and equal duties of all." Kirkup, p. 226.

Dr. Schaffle, however, "ut supra," says that the Social Democratic writings and speeches prove beyond the possibility of doubt that the Gotha programme really expresses the creed of the party.

¹ Schaffle's "Impossibility of Social Democracy," Author's preface.

The Gotha programme (1875) says: Article (1). As the obligation to labor is universal all have an equal right to such product, each one according to his reasonable needs. Kirkup's "History of Socialism," p. 352. In the Erfurt programme of 1891, which lays down the immediate practical measures needful for preparing

men's liberties trenched on at every turn. Either way we have tyranny and slavery as the only possible outcome of materialism and egoism. So long as the individual is dominated by his own personal interests, so long is it impossible that a truly noble society can exist.

What is there to surprise us in such a conclusion? Have nations ever been great except by virtue of their possessing citizens who were willing to subordinate their private interests to the public good? Is not the great palace hall of history, in all its dim recesses and sunlit spaces, hung with the portraits and adorned with the statues and blazoned with the names of those who lived and died for interests greater than their own? Even those splendid and sinister figures who have risen by genius rather than virtue in the ages of militarism, have so risen only by the self-devotion of the masses which followed them. No people has ever become great without sacrifice. Is it not probable, then, to say the least, that the economic side of man's life must own the sway of the same law as is illustrated throughout the length and breadth of his military and political history?

The crying need of our own age in the industrial sphere is the deepening and the diffusion of the sense of the common good. Without this we shall have nothing but clashing interests, industrial wars, economic tyranny and slavery, jealousy, hatred and futile revolution. Without it we have no prospect of any industrial peace save such as is produced by the rule of force. The one hope of better days lies in the moralizing of industry by the spread of a new conception of the common good. If it were possible to imbue Capitalist and Laboring class alike with this motive, the whole sordid struggle would change its character, a progressive concordat between them would be estab-

lished, and society would enter on a happier and nobler epoch. Suppose that the Capitalist could be brought to view his work as a social function, and his gains as a trust bestowed upon him for the common good. Suppose that the Laborer viewed his work as a public service, and were able to look upon his wages as controlled in amount by the same consideration of public advantage; suppose that devotion to the common weal became a passion in the sphere of economic life, as it has often been historically under militarism, would not the whole situation be radically altered? The sting would be taken out of labor troubles, and the poison out of the blood of the social organism. Social inequalities would remain, but there would be reason in them which could be recognized by the reason of the individual. It is only in such a moral transformation that I can see any hope of deliverance from present and impending evils. "What is now most urgent," says Professor Ingram,² "is not legislative interference on any large scale with the industrial relations, but the formation in both the lower and higher regions of the industrial world of profound convictions as to social duties, and some more effective mode than at present exists of diffusing, maintaining and applying those conditions."

These are true words. The purely spiritual task has the first place. But while this is so, the deepening and expanding sense of the common good must also express itself within the home sphere of Christendom, as we have seen that it must do in the foreign field of missionary propaganda, in institutional, customary and legislative changes. Moral progress among the individual members of a people inevitably implies social change, whether that change

² "Encyclopædia Britannica"; article on "History of Political Economy," p. 245 of re-published volume.

be of a negative and destructive kind like the abolition of slavery, or constructive, like the great educational measures of the last century. Now it is absurd to suppose that the political and legislative *status quo* is inspired throughout by the idea of the common good. Much of it is the expression simply of class interests or of obsolete privilege, and therefore is certain either to disappear as the moral temper of the nations advances, or to arrest them in their onward progress. Nor can the present economic order be deemed sacrosanct any more than the political. It rests, as we have seen, on the idea of competition, and it will probably rest on that uneasy basis for a long time to come. So long as the average individual remains as morally undeveloped and as unenlightened as he is, so long will he need the spur of competition to make him do his best work for the common good. In the interest, then, of that common good, and in view of the immaturity of man, it is better that that competitive system should be retained than that it should be suddenly destroyed, and men thrust into a new type of social order, for which they are not, as yet, ready. But the acceptance of the competitive order on this footing, it is plain, is a very different thing from its acceptance as something permanently essential to society, and therefore sacrosanct against check or control. The practical Christian man may accept it, on the same principle as Paul accepted slavery, or as the modern Christian accepts the need for armies and fleets and occasional wars. His true course is to accept the necessity for it, as in the meantime conditioned by human imperfection, and not to be violently overthrown without greater evils than its present existence entails. Meantime, he holds it to be his duty to regulate it and to humanize it, in so far as he can thereby best serve the common good. "Competition,"

as Arnold Toynbee has said,² "may be compared to a stream whose strength and direction have to be observed, that embankments may be thrown up within which it may do its work harmlessly and beneficially." Mr. Spencer has shown how difficult it is to do this without causing greater evils than those which it is sought to remove, but his argument ("*Man versus the State*") really proves nothing further, and is assuredly far from being the rehabilitation of *laissez faire* which it is meant to be. Acceptance of competition on this practical basis further leaves the way open for aspiration after, and labor for, the coming of a better order of society based on the nobler principle of Association, when men shall no longer waste their energies in struggle with one another, but shall be able to turn their united forces on the conquest of nature. Not till then will the great principle of the common good find its complete expression. Meantime the true line of economic and legislative progress will be found in realizing that principle wherever it shall be found practicable, in framing laws and institutions not with a view to vested interests or revolutionary selfishness, but with a steady eye to the common good. At every point such social and institutional changes, if they are to be enduring and salutary, should rest upon that moral transformation of individual ideas on which all future progress depends, and which consists in man's advance in thinking about his rights to thinking about his duties, from interests to functions, from egoisms and private interests to love of the common good.

From what possible source, we now ask, can such a transformation come? It cannot be hoped for from the progress of secular education alone. Education, as the recent course of events in Germany has shown, may be an ex-

² "Industrial Revolution" p. 87. Edition 1896.

plosive rather than a consolidating force. An educated democracy is far less likely to put up with its lot under the *régime* of capitalism, and is much more able to attain the solidarity and discipline which are needful for the capture of the mechanism of the State, than one which is untrained. Nor, on the other hand, has the superior Education of the moneyed and power-holding classes proved able to beget in them the high-minded and disinterested temper of devotion to the common good of which we are in search. Nor have Philosophy and Science historically shown themselves able to mould and sway great masses of people, or to initiate and sustain such moral revolutions as the present crisis demands. The great crusades of humanity have never been led by the sage, but by the prophet. Political Reform again has already done its part in the social evolution, and no improvement of political machinery can now be of any primary importance in the more advanced countries. Nor, I submit, can the change be brought about by any purely Ethical movement, divorced from the appeal to the tremendous sanctions of the Divine Judgment and Mercy, and the powers of the world to come. What is wanted is something which will appeal not only to the desire for moral beauty and perfection, but something which will invest the ideal in its loveliness with awful and commanding power. The work to be done is too vast to be accomplished by anything but by that power which has been the great historic force in the making of nations, the power of Religion. Historic investigation has only brought out with increasing clearness the immense part which Religion has played in the past in the national and social life of man. It has shown that the classical civilizations rested upon a religious basis, and that they fell with its disintegration. It has shown that the Roman Empire

was unable to maintain its huge structure on the incoherent eclectic synthesis which formed its religious basis in its first centuries, and in its need turned to the religion which it had persecuted. It has shown how, in the terrific hurricane of the barbarian invasions, the Catholic synthesis of Christianity formed the basis of the new social order. It has shown how out of the faith of Islam there arose the great Mohammedan nations. The same thesis could be abundantly proved to be true, did space allow, for the great nations of modern days.

What is the meaning of this constantly recurring historical phenomenon? Surely it is this, that there are in human nature tendencies to egoism, which, however useful they may have been in man's dim barbaric, half-animal past, are now, if unchecked, anti-social; and that religion with its tremendous sanctions has the power, which no other force possesses, of checking and transforming these impulses, so that it makes the creation and the working of great social aggregates not only possible but actual. Hence religion has always been the mother of nations. Every new religion has either created a new type of society, or has transformed the old. No strong and enduring form of society has ever existed without religion.

If there is, then, to be any deliverance from the present social *impasse*, history justifies us in believing that that deliverance will come from Religion. A distinguished modern writer, Professor Alfred Marshall, has put in the forefront of his well-known work on the "Principles of Economics" the statement that "the two great forming agencies of the world's history have been the religious and the economic. Here and there the ardor of the military or the artistic spirit has been for a while predominant, but religious and economic influences have nowhere been

displaced from the front rank even for a time; and they have nearly always been more important than all others put together." It would seem to follow from this that the cardinal problem of civilization is to get these factors into right relations with each other. This in truth is the real problem of our age, the problem which underlies all others. The student of the present economic situation who has reached the conclusion above indicated, that the root cause of the evils and dangers of society to-day lies in the materialism and egoism of the individual, and that the one hope for a better order lies in the deepening and diffusion of the idea of the common good, and who raises the further inquiry as to how this spiritualizing of ideals can be attained, is therefore driven to the conclusion that the one great hope for society lies in that power which has been the mother of all great civilizations, the power which lays its stern and ennobling restraints upon the private and class antagonisms which would otherwise shatter society into its constituent atoms, the mighty power of Religion.

But history also shows that mighty as is the power for good of a great religion, its power for evil is sometimes almost equally great. Great national tragedies have been caused by the arrest which a reactionary religion lays upon the progressive life of a people, or by the revolt of these progressive forces not only from traditional religion, but from Religion in all its forms. The history of Spain furnishes an illustration of the former of these cases, and that of revolutionary France of the latter. It is plain, therefore, that everything depends on the adequacy of the religious synthesis to meet the real moral and spiritual wants of the age, and to master and harmonize its wild living forces.

It is the argument of these articles

that it has been towards the maturing of such a form of the Christian synthesis that all the varied forces enumerated in the earlier pages have been working, a form of the Christian synthesis adapted to the practical needs of society at the present time.

Such a process has many analogies in history. What was it that enabled Judah to transcend the social and political cataclysm of the Captivity? It was the Prophetic synthesis which had been slowly elaborated during the preceding centuries. Without this faith Judah would have disappeared as the Ten Tribes disappeared, and as the vanished peoples disappeared whom Assyria trampled in the dust. What was it, again, that preserved social order and intellectual life in the frightful storms of the Barbarian invasions in the days of the wreck of the Roman Empire? It was the Catholic synthesis of Christianity, with the ecclesiastical structure conformed to it, which had been slowly elaborated through the first centuries of the Christian era. Little as they knew it, Origen and Cyprian were getting ready for Alaric and Genserich and Attila. What was it, finally, that underlay the rise of the great free nations of modern days, with their civil and religious liberties, their industrial energy, their colonizing power? It was the new Christian synthesis of Wittenberg and Geneva. Every phase of civilization rests upon ideas, and ideas of the social order are generated by religion under the influence of the intellectual environment of the time.

We turn then, in the present strait and danger of society, to ask what is the form of Christian synthesis which is emerging from the long toil of thought of the past century. Is it one which is adapted to the needs of the present age, one which will consecrate the idea of the common good, and invest it with the awful and commanding power which Religion alone can

bring? The answer to that question has already implicitly been given. We have seen that the whole progress of thought has been towards the bringing into new prominence of the historical personality of Christ, and with it of the spiritual ideas in which He lived and moved and had His Being. We have seen that one of these great master ideas was that of the Kingdom of God as the supreme end alike of God, in the way of Providence and Grace, and of man, in the way of endeavor and self-devotion. To that Kingdom, as Christ conceived it, every Christian man is to consecrate himself absolutely, and to cast the burden of his personal interests and anxieties simply on the Heavenly Father's care. Take this idea of the Christian life out into our modern world. Suppose every Christian man and woman in downright earnest with it, seeking to carry it out in all its fullness and breadth in the life of modern society and the modern state, prepared to live and die for the realization and coming of that Divine Kingdom. The result, in proportion to the number of Christians, would be the transformation of the whole economic situation in the direction which we have seen to be vitally necessary to deliverance from present and impending evils, and to future progress. The problem would be solved. The religious idea would generate the civic spirit. We should have that deepening and diffusion of the idea of the public good which we have seen to be the crying want of our time.

There are many to whom such a correlation of the spheres of religion and of the political and economic side of human life may appear strange and unnatural. They think that there is no deep and intimate relation between the spiritual and the secular life of man. It is a complete mistake. Our modern ideas of civil liberty, for example, are

in the last resort rooted in the Reformation. From the moment when the Reformers swept away all that came between the individual soul and direct access to God, asserted the full rights of the humblest human being to unrestricted communion with Him through Christ, and laid upon him the burden and the glory of responsibility to the Supreme for the gift of *Eternal Life*, from that hour political liberty became inevitable. The religious truth wrought itself out in the political and economic sphere, by virtue of the unity of the soul. Religious conviction generated the spirit of liberty.⁴ So, too, the great principle of religious solidarity in Christ, implied in the idea of the Kingdom of God, inevitably carries with it the principle of a new social order in which the idea of private interest will be, not negated, but taken up into the larger idea of public good, and rights at last be harmonized with duties.

Let men beware how they admit a great religious truth into the hidden recesses of the heart. It is the seed from which innumerable undreamed-of harvests may spring. What amazing social changes, what wars, revolutions, empires, commonwealths, lay in that single idea of the priesthood of all believers, of justification by faith alone! Luther taught that it was the article of a standing or a falling church. Modern History has taught that it is the article of a standing or a falling society. The demonstration of that truth has cost the human race not a little toll and not a little blood. The price was worth paying, but it has been heavy. Even so let men beware of the Idea of the Kingdom. At present it is in the hands and hearts mainly of teachers of religion, but its day may come in the great open field. Revolutions may be in it which will make the

⁴ Lord Acton, a Roman Catholic historical scholar of profound learning, and a Roman

Catholic, has borne impressive testimony to this. See "*The Study of History*," pp. 20-25, 35.

earth shake and ring, wars which will convulse world society, great commonwealths on a vaster and nobler scale than the world has ever known, at the last, perhaps, a new world order of social and industrial peace. But we need not forecast the far future now. It will be enough if attention has been directed to the economic significance of the new Christian synthesis, which is as yet very imperfectly realized among us.

The Christian Society alone holds the key of the situation in our modern economic world conflict. It alone is able to discharge the function which Comte ascribes to the "Spiritual Power," which is to moralize Capital by teaching the Capitalist to think of his duties rather than his rights, and, on the other hand, to avert the dangers which the author of "Natural Religion" describes with such impressive force, as arising from the revolt of the disinherited classes, who are coming to hold "that happiness is a fixed thing within easy reach of all, and that civilization is the mass of frauds by which it is appropriated by the few," and who are therefore on the eve of "a vast rebellion against the whole system which has nursed them, a fierce repudiation of the whole system or law, way of viewing the universe or worship, which lies at the basis of the civilized world." Nothing, it seems to me, can be more hopeless than to relegate this dual office, with Comte, to a spiritual power on the basis of a manufactured religion of Humanity, or, with Professor Seeley, to the teachers of a Natural Religion. They have accurately diagnosed the needs of the age, but the remedies which they suggest are of the most unsatisfactory kind. For the great spiritual struggle before us only one Power is sufficient, the Power which has already been the source of many civilizations, and which, I believe, is rising

in its pristine vigor, unwearied and undaunted, to begin a new era grander than any in its memorable past.

But the very clearness with which these distinguished thinkers have discerned the social needs of the present age, and the very hopelessness of the religions which they have extemporized to meet these needs, should be a stirring summons to the Christian Church to show that the faith by which it stands is more than adequate to the necessities of the time, and that it has in it reserve forces of truth and power which have never fully been called into play. Some of the most striking passages in "Natural Religion" are those in which the writer complains that the authorized spiritual teachers of the time have so little light to give on the great and critical questions of the social life of the age, because religion has become a thing of the individual life alone. "What is wanted," he says, "is the rise of a new order of teachers whose business it would be to investigate and to teach the true relation of man to the universe and to society, the true Ideal he should worship, the course which the history of mankind has taken hitherto, in order that upon a full view of what is possible and considerable men should live and organize themselves for the future. In short, the modern church is to do what Hebrew prophecy in its fashion did for the Jews, and what Bishops and Popes did according to their lights for the Roman world when it labored in the tempest, and for barbaric tribes first submitting themselves to be taught." Matters have no doubt improved since "Natural Religion" was written, but surely there is here a criticism and a plea which the Church of our day would do well to lay to heart. The problems with which Society is now face to face are vaster in some respects than those which confronted either Hebrew prophecy or the early

* p. 220, Edition 1882.

Catholic church. Does the Church as a whole realize this? Does she understand the greatness of the hour? Have her thinkers and teachers and organizers faced these problems with an adequate sense of their overshadowing importance, their incomparably greater moment than many of the questions which consume so much of their time and attention at the present day? It is, no doubt, true that the main and central interest of the Christian Church is the salvation and training of the individual soul, that the beginning and foundation of all things in the new life is to get the human spirit into right relation with God. But what we have seen to be true of the missionary propaganda, that "the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints" depends, under God, largely on the social and moral environment, is true of the home work of the Church as well. It is mere blindness to act as if there need be any rivalry between individual and social salvation. They are not rivals, they are correlatives; and throughout the New Testament itself the perfected salvation of the individual is always regarded as inseparably associated with the coming of the Kingdom of God. So, too, Comte's demand for a new "spiritual power" should be a summons to the Christian Church to consider whether its present organization is adequate to the needs of its time and the grandeur and urgency of its mission. If the Christian religion is to play the great part in the future in mediating between class and class, between nation and nation, and in the conversion, moralization and protection of the backward races of the earth, that it is called to play, it must rise above its present divisions. Good men must rise above all their differences that are not due to matters of vital moment, must unite, and identify themselves with the cause of God. It is, no doubt, the increasing sense of the magnitude

and difficulty of this task of the Christian Churches that has been slowly operating for union in England and in Scotland during the last fifty years, but very much remains to be done if Christianity is to regain the lapsed masses in our populous cities, and reap the rich harvest fields of heathendom, and stand strong and independent in the great social strifes that lie before us. The task which lies before it is indeed one of the utmost difficulty, and is likely to demand all the reserve forces of wisdom and devotion which it possesses—and more. It is a question if ever in all its long history it has had a greater task laid upon it than to-day; a question if ever, even in the days when amid the wreck of society in the northern hurricanes it laid the foundations of a new world, even in the days again of the great Reformation and the frightful conflicts which followed, it has had to face so testing a struggle as that which is now advancing upon us. But if the task is hard, the labor is a glorious one. Character may rise to grand heights yet before the work is done, and if it be well done the whole world of Christendom will enter on a nobler phase of social life, and a new chapter be added to the history of Christianity not unworthy of its wonderful origin and past.

III.

One great order of the problems of modern civilization remains to be considered. We have examined those involved in the relations of the lower to the higher races, and those involved in the internal social organization of the Western peoples. There remains the question of the relations between the more advanced nations, the international relations of Christendom. Here, as elsewhere, we find great present evils and formidable dangers ahead. The traveller through modern Europe

finds the nations everywhere armed to the teeth. The roads are planned and measured for the passage of armies and cannon. The great casernes are crowded with conscripts, the roll of musketry resounds from the firing ranges in forest glade and open field, the recruits are drilled and marched and countermarched on the dusty parades and the wide stubble fields. The great Powers are one and all groaning under the burden of militarism. In the time of peace they are hampered in their moralization and political evolution alike by their unproductive outlays and by the necessary stiffening of the national framework which militarism entails, and besides this there is the constant danger of war on an incredibly destructive scale. The systems of alliance which have sprung up have only warded off the danger at the expense of aggravating its threatening horrors. The nightmare of European war makes its peace but a troubled slumber. The lurid vision of the Apocalypse seems ever on the point of fulfilment:—

And I saw an angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the birds that fly in mid heaven, Come and be gathered together unto the great supper of God; that ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit thereon, and the flesh of all men, both free and bond and small and great.

Can we ascribe these evils to any one main cause? Yes, their foundation cause is unquestionably that materialistic and selfish view of the true good which we found to underlie the industrial evils of the time. If the central interest of men lies in material and private good, then inasmuch as there is only a limited amount of that good obtainable, the principle of division can only be that of conflict. Wars simply

represent the animal struggle for existence carried up into the human sphere. The caserne, the Krupp and Creusot guns, the ironclad and torpedo are the result of science and superior social organization directed to the same ends as the savage reached by the flint arrow-head and club, and nature by the hawk's talon and the serpent's fang.

Are we to regard this state of matters then as an integral part of the permanent order of Society, as fixed as the great astronomical facts and laws? On this view we have simply to accept international jealousy and strife as an enduring fact of nature, and our problem will be how to enable the individual and the nation to live as Christian a life as is possible within these iron limits. Such seems to be the prevailing opinion to-day among practical men. Pessimists appeal to universal human history and say that it proves that warfare, being due to ineradicable human passions, must simply be accepted as inevitable. The same old story that is blazoned with barbaric pride on the shattered ruins of Assyrian palaces, and along the dim colonnades of the temples of the Nile, is written also among the sunny cornfields and vineyards and forest glades of the great *Aceldamas* of Modern Europe. The vision of a warless earth seems visionary indeed in an age when the struggle for existence is so keen:—

Warless, when her tens are thousands,
and her thousands millions, then
All her harvests all too narrow, who
can picture warless men?

Is it reasonable that, with universal precedent against us, we should even hope for universal peace? That depends upon our world view. Christianity cannot admit of pessimism here any more than elsewhere. It believes that the kind of facts which human nature presents are not of the same order as the facts of the physical universe.

You cannot redeem a cyclone, or regenerate a volcano, but it is otherwise with the soul of man. Pessimism, which rests on the assumption that the precedents of history must control its hopes for the future, and that human nature is incapable of modification, would have throttled American Abolitionism at its birth, would arrest the missionary enterprise, and would, in a word, be the death of every great crusade for the nobler life of man. Such pessimism has its uses. It should remind us of the enormous difficulties in the way, the need not only for heroism and devotion, but for clear-sighted measurement of the realities of the situation, and, above all, for Divine aid; but, taken by itself, it is the negation of the Living God.

The whole course of our preceding argument carries us further. If there be any force in its earlier stages, it applies here also. The main cause of the international danger, as has been said, is that which has produced the social strife within the limits of the nation. In the wider arena the situation is further complicated by two contributory causes, the existence of the barriers of nationality, and the absence of any international polity, such as has been elaborated in the narrower sphere.

Take, now, the main cause, the materialistic and selfish idea of the national good. If the sum of good things to be divided is necessarily too small to satisfy the claimants, increasing in a smaller ratio than their numbers, and being allocated by anarchic struggle alone, then recurring wars are inevitable. But this compendious formula is simply that of the orthodox Political Economy, which we have seen reason to distrust within the national sphere. If the formula is adequate for the international situation it must be adequate also for the nation, and in that case we should be back in the old

laissez faire epoch with all its horrors, and should have nothing before us but a class struggle of increasing bitterness. But if we refuse to admit this, if we believe that national society may be kept efficient, and yet progressively moralized by an increasing sense of the identity of the common and individual good effected by the might of Religion, we must apply the same principles to the solution of the international problem. If there can be such a thing as a common national good, there must also be an international good, a universal good. If there be not such a good, what becomes of the claim of Christianity to be a universal religion? Every universal religion contains implicit in itself the possibility of an international concordat, but if we eliminate the religious factor from our analysis of the present situation and forecast of the future, the outlook is dreary indeed. The task here, as in the national sphere, is nothing short of the moralization of man, and if man's interests be simply material and temporal, the hope of persuading him to forego them for the sake of the common weal is of the most visionary kind. But if he knows himself to be a son of God, and an immortal being, the whole conditions of the problem are altered. His nature becomes plastic to the tremendous sanctions of the Divine Law, and in the grasp of Eternity he becomes capable of such abnegations and heroisms as life in a noble and progressive society demands of all its members. It is, then, in Religion, and in Religion alone, that the hope lies of such a transformation of the individual as can render an international concordat possible, just as it is in Religion alone that the hope of true national progress lies. The main cause of the evils in the narrower and in the wider sphere being thus identical, the remedy in both cases is the same. But, as has been said, the international

situation is complicated by conditions from which the national situation is free.

(1) The first of these is the influence of nationality.

At present the fact of nationality is one of the great barriers in the way of an associated humanity. However keen the social strife may be within the nations between the different classes, there is here far more possibility of a common understanding and sympathy than there would be if to the social difference there were added the complex differences of blood and language and traditions and often of religions which differentiate the great nationalities of Christendom. Hence the international problem is much more entangled than the national. It is not surprising that Tolstoy, with his deep sense of the evils of modern civilization, should pour savage scorn on what he considers the obsolete pseudo-virtue of "patriotism" as the source of innumerable falsehoods and miseries.

Yet when one remembers what the sense of nationality has done, not only in the far past of history, when Tolstoy admits that it had a place, but what it has done and is doing still in our modern world, to check the egoism of men, and to teach them the virtues of a common life; when one considers, further, how inevitably race differences arise out of the Providential order of life, one cannot but think that, in this matter, Mazzini is the truer prophet. That mankind has often abused the idea of the Family should lead us not to disintegrate that most fundamental of social groups, but rather to moralize it, and in the same way, therefore, the fact that Nationality is vulgarized and corrupted should not lead us to denounce, but to spiritualize it. In the light of a great Social religion, such as has been desiderated above, Nationality would be thus spiritualized by the idea of National Vocation in the Kingdom of

God. Just as the individual may rise above his egoisms into the idea of life as a service of the common good, so the historically and geographically determined aggregate of individuals which we call a nation may conceivably rise above its greed and lust of dominion by living to realize its Vocation in the Divine Counsel. What force and tenacity and grandeur such an ideal may give to a people let the Old Testament bear witness. Nationality, up to a certain point, corresponds to Individuality, and just as the true ideal of a nation is not of a bundle of similar units, but of a harmony of richly varied individualities, so in the great world order of the future there must be room for many different national types harmonized by a common spirit and aim. That will be true of it which is said of the Holy City of the Apocalypse, "The nations shall walk amidst the light thereof . . . and they shall bring the glory and the honor of the nations into it." Its unity, in short, will not be that of the mass but the organism. We apply this principle already in our historical judgments of dead nations. We appraise the Assyrian, the Egyptian, the Phœnician, the Greek, the Roman and the Hebrew by their respective contributions to the common life of mankind. "*Die Welt Geschichte ist das Welt-Gericht.*" Why should we not anticipate the verdict of the future by applying to our present world, which will one day be a dead, silent, remote past, the same great principles of judgment which posterity will use, and thereby acquire the habits of tolerance and sympathy and hatred of national aggression which they involve? Why, in a word, should we not endeavor to look at the whole question of nationality and patriotism in the light of the Kingdom of God?

(2) There remains to be considered the other great contributing cause of the international evils of the present

day, the absence of any adequate institutions for the realizing of the common good of Christendom. The modern international world is to-day at a stage of evolution corresponding in many respects to the state of the individual nations of Christendom at the close of the Feudal System. So far as internal organization goes it is thus some six hundred years behind the nation. National Society at that time, in many countries, was in a condition which seems to us little better than a modified anarchy. The rising industry had to struggle against plunder and private war; justice was not a national concern but a matter of baronial privilege, or private vendetta; the right of the strongest tempered by a certain diffused sentiment of Christianity prevailed. We know how this semi-anarchic condition of national society was brought to an end. It was terminated by the rise of strong central powers, the gradual consolidation of the great national groups round these centres, and the establishment of national institutions for the administration of justice. Gradually there rose above the strife of classes the authority of great tribunals, which rendered the rude justice of former days obsolete, so that henceforth all social struggles were carried on subject to the rule of national law. There is much that is analogous to this semi-anarchic state of the dying feudalism in the Christendom of our day, and that is what makes its militarism at once so fatally necessary and so grossly anachronistic. The code of morals, and even of manners, as between nations, is such as no modern civilized society would tolerate as between its citizens. If we are to take the popular Press of Europe and America as fair indicators of international feeling, the eight great powers of Christendom treat one another like ruffians in an East-End slum or a mining camp, rather than like gentlemen, or, still

more, Christians. They swagger and boast, they glory in one another's disasters, and are full of the meanest envy and detraction when any one of them is successful. They threaten and bully unblushingly, and all their effusive international courtesies are always with a view to some personal gain, and ever in the background there lies the appeal to the revolver or the knife.

Yet there is within the nations a fair amount of courtesy, honor and magnanimity, and often the very men who approve of such an attitude toward rival nationalities would detest the appearing of such a temper among their own people. One main reason of this absurd and abominable anachronism, this survival of a coarser and meaner life in international relations than exists within the nations, is due to the absence of any such international polity as has enabled individuals to win in peaceful common life a measure of sympathy and mutual understanding. Had the inner life of the nations remained at the anarchic stage of raid and vendetta, the inner relations of their citizens would have remained at a corresponding stage of brutality and falsehood. But it has been found possible to frame concordats of justice and law which secured the same ends as were aimed at by the blood feud, and a better life for all than was possible under the truculent self-assertion of earlier days has been thereby attained. The higher life of the nations has thus found expression in institutions, and under the shelter of public tribunals and legislatures representative of varying interests a nobler common life has arisen. Is it wholly visionary to hope for anything corresponding to this in the world of international relations? Is there no prospect of any system of International Justice? That is the great problem through which the most advanced minds among our statesmen and publi-

cists are groping their way, just as we have seen that Missionaries are becoming Sociologists, and Social reformers at home are endeavoring to build up a nobler social structure.

There is one great practical difference between the national and the international evolution. The old evil system of vendetta and *faust recht* was put down within the nation by irresistible physical force. It was the absolute monarch with his standing army who crushed out the social anarchy and consolidated a system of authoritative justice. Now in the very nature of the case we cannot look for the rise of any such absolute central power in the Christendom of either to-day or to-morrow. There is no conceivable physical force behind any international tribunal which we can imagine. It would seem that if there is ever to be in Christendom any better system than the present brutal and anachronistic order it must rest not on physical but on spiritual power. But here also the pressure of economic forces has brought the principle of an international tribunal to the front. The crushing burdens of militarism, the miseries of the proletariat, and the rise of the Anarchism and Nihilism which spring from these miseries, have forced the great Powers much against their will to institute the Hague tribunal. Plainly, the whole weight of the spiritual influence of the Church should be cast into the scales in its interest. It is at least a step towards a better world polity, and, as we have seen, it is the realizing of such a polity that the whole drift of later theological movement tends to bring more and more before men.

But even if such a tribunal became a great and powerful factor in human history, even if it more than realized all that its most ardent advocates claim for it, it would not of itself solve in the Christian sense the international

problem of Christendom, any more than the mere existence of civic tribunals within the nations has solved their burning social questions. It would minimize the worst dangers of international greed and vanity, and it would thus be a true institutional expression of the Christian spirit, but it would only be one step towards the ideal of a world associated for common aims, a world in which each nation would bring the riches of its national individuality into the great treasure house of the common good. Such an ideal seems visionary indeed to the great majority of our writers on public themes. It is simply not as yet above the horizon. Arbitration is the utmost that most of them dare to hope for, and the vision of an associated humanity is simply one of those

Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance

which have no substantial ground in reality. It has not even the substantiality of a dream. It is rather of the tenuity of a dream within a dream. Such pessimism is largely due to loss of faith. In the ebb-tide of religious conviction of our time men have largely lost the power of reading the true meaning of history. They can neither measure the past nor forecast the future who believe that religion is a spent force in the life of mankind, or who assume that God has wrought His greatest deeds in the past of human history. What if there should come into human life, as the centuries and millenniums pass, a vast new influx of Divine power which should invest the idea of the common good with new sacredness and grandeur, and turn all the scattered forces of the religious life of men into the endeavor to realize the supreme Divine End, the world-wide Kingdom of God,

A common wave of thought and joy
Lifting mankind again?

We need not endeavor to minimize the possible remoteness and difficulty of the event. So far as we can judge of the situation, it is far less advanced within the world commonwealth than within the nation. The political and economic development is, as we have seen, at a less advanced stage. Moreover, the religious situation is, as we should have expected, less mature. A large part of Christendom still holds the Christian faith in forms under which its full moral energies cannot be liberated, or in forms in which its power is dissipated through analytic unbelief. Taking Christendom as a whole, therefore, the religious synthesis is as immature as the economic and political situation. He would be overbold who should venture to predict in detail the economic and political evolution of the Latin and Slavonic peoples, or to forecast the theological development of the Eastern and Roman Churches. But the causes which have produced the theological development in Western Europe and America are at work also in Eastern and Southern Europe. The light of Science, Modern Philosophy and Historical Criticism cannot permanently be shut out by a faith that wishes to command the progressive life of its day, and it is the argument of these articles that those stars in their courses are fighting for the Kingdom of God.

We shall now sum up the main conclusions of the whole foregoing argument. We have seen that, by the steady operation of great political and economic forces, the vanguard peoples of civilization have moved onwards into a position of singular interest and peril. We have seen that the lower and the higher races have been brought together in a relation of great and increasing intimacy of economic and political life, and that this new relation has in it great possibilities alike of good and evil. We have seen that, within the sphere of the Nation, West-

ern Christendom is on the eve of great economic transformation or of prolonged social strife, in both of which lie possibilities of the most sinister kind for civilization. We have seen finally that the international relations of Christendom are of such a nature that at any moment the whole fabric of civilization may be subject to the shock of war on a more gigantic scale than the world has ever seen, and that the fear of this acts as an incubus on the evolution of its higher life. In all these cases we have tried to show that the root of the total danger lies in the selfishness and materialism of the individual, and that the only hope of society lies in the intervention of some power strong enough to transform private interest by taking it up into the idea of the common good. The destruction of private interest is neither possible nor desirable. What is wanted is something which will show convincingly to the individual that there can never be any real contradiction between his true good and the true and lasting good of his fellow men. The rise of the sense of the common good is the great need of the democratic civilization of our day. It has been further shown that we can look for this vitally necessary service only from Religion, which has always been a nation-making and nation-saving power of the first magnitude. But Religion, historically regarded, has taken several forms.

(1) It has taken, sometimes, an intensely nationalist type, as in the nations of classical antiquity, or as, in a nobler form, in the religion of Israel, or, as in a higher form still, in the Hebrew Christian nationalism of Modern Puritanism.

Plainly such a form is inadequate to the needs of the present day. We may combine the utmost reverence for our Puritan forefathers, with profound gratitude to God that the course of religious thought has carried us beyond

the theocratic national ideals of the heroic age of Puritanism. Such ideals would, no doubt, have served us well in solving the problems presented by the social and intellectual life of our time, but they would have been inadequate to those presented by the first or the third class, which have been discussed above. Puritanism, in its distinctive idea, was neither a missionary religion nor a religion which made for universal peace. It was a baptized Hebraism, willing to make proselytes, but reserving its main energies for other tasks, and nationalist rather than cosmopolitan in its immediate practical aim.* Its main interest lay in the national theocracy, in the covenanted people of God, in the purity of their discipline, their conformity to the scriptural model, and the clearness of their testimony. No doubt the greater minds and natures of Puritanism ranged deeper and higher, but I think that, broadly regarded, the case is as I have stated it. Grand therefore as is the Puritan tradition, we may well be thankful that, in the Providence of God, we have forms of Christian truth more adequate to the riches of the great world of modern life than these.

(2) Religion, again, has sometimes taken an exaggeratedly individualist form.

On his view man's central interest lies in the salvation and culture of his own soul, and all other interests are subsidiary and incidental. Possessed by the great conviction that God and the soul are the only two enduring realities, but, interpreting both in too narrow a sense, the early anchorites, the mystics of the middle ages, and the pietists of modern days have found their chief good in the culture of their private and devotional life, and have practically left the great world to go its

own road and disclaimed responsibility for its wanderings. That the world, none the less, owes much to these mystics and pietists, as it does to the Puritans, all competent judges know. If they have the narrowness of the specialist they have sometimes, also, his greater depth, and the writings of the recluse have thus often been a spring of living waters to the militant reformer, or soldier, or statesman bearing the burden and heat of the day. Luther has told us what he owed to the *Theologia Germanica*, and the *Imitation of Christ* was Gordon's solace in the long tragedy of Khartoum. Yet that this individualistic religion, taken alone, is not sufficient for Society in its present strait and agony seems to me equally certain. We must advance from it to the full riches of the New Testament idea, that while the springs of the spiritual life are "hidden with Christ in God," that life can only come to its true self when, in the comradeship of the Christian Church, it fights and endures for the world-wide Kingdom. What the world needs to-day is a religion which wins in its solitary laws of devotion the power to realize itself in the market, and the senate, and the embassy, and the home and foreign mission field. It needs men, who, inspired by a religious motive, will grapple with civic corruption, and national greed and vanity, and be willing to face danger not only to body, but to soul, in the interests of the Kingdom of God.

(3) Once more, religion has often taken a predominantly ecclesiastical form.

The main interest of the Christian believer of this type lies not in the Theocratic nation, nor in the individual Soul, but in the Church. The Visible Church, it is believed, is the real centre of God's interest in the world, the one permanent reality in the changing world of time. All else on earth is but so much scaffolding for the true build-

* For the attitude of Scottish Puritanism on this point, see Dr. Waller's "Scottish Theology and Theologians," Lecture II.

ing. The Family, the State, the great structure of Civilization itself all exist for the Church. In the interests of the Visible Church, Bossuet argued, God governs the world, and in this he was but following the Roman Catholic tradition which directed the policy of the great Popes of the Middle Ages. Now that there was truth in this view, as there is truth in the Puritan and Pietist views, I should be far from denying. That it is a view in any way adequate either to the Christian revelation or to the needs of the time, I do not believe. What is needed to-day is a form of religion which will invest the common secular duties of life with sacredness and grandeur, which will bring the mighty sanctions of Eternity to bear upon modern industry, and the home and foreign policy of nations, which will compel men to feel that human society itself is a sacred thing, that it is not the scaffolding, but itself the living rock out of which God is building his City. A religion of this type I believe that you cannot get if you make the Visible Church the final end of creation; a religion of this type you do get if you make the Church, like the Family and the State, a means to the realization of the world-wide Kingdom of God. It is only a religion of this stamp that can deliver the world out of the present *impasse*, and, as I believe, it is precisely a religion of this kind that is emerging from the long analysis of the 19th century. If the argument of the earlier part of this study is sound, it is just this social aspect of the Christian Idea that the modern epoch of investigation has brought to light in the Christian Gospel. What we are witnessing in the religious world is, therefore, not the destruction, but the completion of the work of the Reformation, just as what we are witnessing in the economic and political world is the completion of the work accomplished in the same age.

There is something singularly impressive in the spectacle which the recent history of religious thought presents, when viewed from this standpoint, something which awakens in the mind the sense of religious awe. The historians of early Christianity have been accustomed to begin their work by showing us the convergence of all the great movements of the secular life of the age on the place and on the time when the Son of God appeared among men. They have shown us in the far past the Greek races elaborating their wonderful language, and building up the fabric of their philosophy, all unwitting of the grander uses to which their endeavors should be put. They have shown us the Samnite shepherds and the outlaws of the seven hills laboring in the dim dawn of Roman civilization, and the great statesmen and warriors of later days building up the gigantic polity of their world-wide empire, driving their roads over desert and mountain, forging their iron legions, devising their mighty code, each following his own ambition or dim consciousness of right, and all in the grasp of a stronger Hand, and in the sweep of a larger Purpose than they knew. They have shown us the third great Race toilfully making its way through infinite tempest and tragic eclipse, through epochs of prophetic inspiration and desert tracks of legalism to the amazing climax. The spectacle of the three great peoples of Hellas, Rome and Israel, wending their way to the common centre of world history and world redemption, awakens in the mind a sense of awe, as if here the broad obscure page of history suddenly became luminous with Divine meaning. But surely if God has so acted once in history, He has done it again and again, whenever any great and momentous crisis in the progress of that same Gospel has drawn near. The *Præparatio Evangelica* is no solitary incident in the

earth's history. It is a standing principle of the Divine Government of the world.

The same great Power controls the courses of the world's higher thought and rules the secular life of men. The Divine Providence and the Divine Grace labor together in the life of the nations, as all Christians know that they labor together for the progress of the individual soul. Read with this clue the whole troubled intellectual and social life of the past century becomes instinct with meaning. We see each laborer and thinker, little as he may at the time have realized it, taking his place in the march of the great Purpose. "Galileo in his turret" and Newton in his garden, Kant and Niebuhr, Strauss the iconoclast and Neander the saint and scholar, the pioneer in tropical forests, the explorer breaking into far-off silent seas and bringing strange new lands within reach of civilization

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and the Christian Gospel, the revolutionary leader on the shattered barricade, the excavator driving his trenches through the green Euphrates mounds, the statesman, the diplomatist, and the soldier—consciously or unconsciously they are all in the grasp of the same great Purpose to-day which marshalled the vanguard of the world's life nineteen centuries ago.

The task before the Christian Church is, as we have seen, one of amazing extent and grandeur, but hard as is the task, and remote as may be the issue, who can contemplate such a drama of Providence without feeling that "all things are possible to him that believeth?" The task before the Church is just the old task which is described with simple grandeur by the New Testament as "the overcoming of the world." "And who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?"

D. S. Cairns.

THE BROWN PUPPY.

It is not possible for any man to look dignified with a brown puppy attaching himself sportively to each foot as it carries behind the other in the exercise of walking; there could be no question of dignity, but the man bore the onslaught good-naturedly, for the puppy was so evidently enjoying himself to the top of his bent, with a rapture unknown to mere humanity, that no lover of animals could have refused to lend himself to such exquisite sport. His knitted stocking-heels might have been rent asunder but for the interruption of a clear voice which caused the puppy to desist with a guilty start.

"Please catch him, and bring him here to be whipped."

Being naturally kind the man hesi-

tated, but the eyes meeting his over the quickset hedge made scruples ridiculous, so he picked up the aggressor and bore him through the garden gate. The active brown body wriggled in his grasp, but the puppy's face was stamped with that tragical and wistful innocence which is the crowning glory of the canine race.

"It was no use my calling him," the woman explained. "He has no awe of me since he discovered that my bark is worse than my bite. I could frighten him once, large as he is."

The man laughed as he set the puppy down, and took off his hat to the lady, who had just desisted from using a garden fork and who looked tired.

"I knew you did not mean to whip

him, or I would not have brought him in. What a jolly happy little chap he is!"

"Isn't he? Look at him dancing and setting to that great indignant cat who will cuff him the next minute; he is without respect of persons, whether they go on two legs or four. At first his ridiculous youth offended me, but now I should wish him never to grow up into a serious dog with a poll-tax of seven-and-sixpence."

Her ease of manner was only equalled by her lack of self-consciousness; the *locum tenens* had never met a woman so untouched by the latter falling—not that his knowledge of life was extensive or his studentship many years behind him. His presence was not permitted to hinder her work, and he took this as permission to stay and talk a while. He was glad to do this, for Mapledore was dull, and his medical erudition in some danger of rusting for want of use.

As she had repudiated his offered sacrifice of his pipe, he smoked and watched her efforts with an interested eye. Presently after a few remarks of no importance he made a more personal one: "I know very little about gardening, but are you sure you are on the right track?"

She put the fork aside as one who had earned a little dalliance.

"I am on no track at all. I am carefully avoiding all previous footsteps. All my life until now my gardening has been done for me, and the things have seemed tasteless and uninteresting. My own growing will be so different. Nothing is fully enjoyed until it is purchased with the labors of one's own hands."

"You may be right there," he answered grudgingly—which is the masculine way with feminine wisdom. "What I meant was——"

"I know: you think my garden looks a little mad. It will look more mad when the things come up—as they will

unless I am reckoning without the puppy. There will be great novelty of arrangement. I buried a potato here and there whenever the spirit moved me, and I am looking for their resurrection in most surprising places. The peas will appear in fairy rings around feathery crests of carrot tops; and the onions, in serried ranks of green spears, will keep order generally. My garden will be known as The Crookerles; but as a curve is the line of beauty— Oh, you might laugh, when you see me trying to be so brilliant!"

He smiled instead, for he was not much gifted with humor, and he had been wondering of what her face reminded him. He did not laugh, even to himself, when he decided that she was like the brown puppy: there was the same exceeding brightness and vivacity coupled with the same tragical innocence of regard. Now, in the puppy this look was entirely misleading, for he abounded in the joy of life, with no repentance whatever; as regards the woman the onlooker could not be so certain. Surely over her the winds of God had blown coldly—the winds of God, or else—he did not know, but he was much interested.

"I am quite sure your garden will be one by itself. But supposing nothing comes up?"

"Everything will come up," she answered confidently. "I have been generous with the seed, and even my mishandling cannot rob the earth of its quickening power; neither will the sun nor the rain notice that I did not use a garden line."

"But even then there are slugs and things," persisted the prosaic young man, who desired to be useful.

"I go slug-hunting by lantern-light at ten every evening. I make a collection on a cabbage-leaf, and then the puppy and I convey them as far as the sand-pit. They can't do much harm there, and I do not think they

could make the return journey in time for the lettuces, even if they were express slugs."

"Very likely not—and they would call first upon me. If you take my advice you will hire a man to do this rough work for you."

"Why?" she asked a little sharply, and her face flushed.

"Because you are not used to it; your wrists are much too slight to lift that heavy fork."

With an air of relief she regarded her slight hands soiled with honest earth.

"But that is the way to get muscle up. I've always wanted to do such things—to iron my own frocks and wait upon my guests—when I liked them well enough. The old times were best, when even great ladies sat spinning with their maidens, and understood the art of calendering fine linen. Then they served the stranger within the gates with their own hands. Hospitality has lost its grace now that we pay hirelings to perform the least act of service."

"You may be right; yet if we can afford good servants I do not see why we should not have them. The well-to-do have infinite scope for working off superfluous energy—a forty-mile cycle ride, for instance."

"A pleasant sort of treadmill exercise; I have always wanted to grind something—to come and go with sticks for my own hearth, and work for my daily bread out under God's sky. The simple life has always been my ideal, with its wholesome self-respect and health of mind and body."

"And you seem to have attained to your ideal," he said lightly: "comparatively few of us do that, you know."

"I suppose I have, in a sense, yet under conditions, and hardly as a freeholder. I doubt if Damocles had reckoned with the sword over his head—yet possibly it may have enhanced his feast."

"She is afraid of poverty, now it has come to her," he told himself, making a wrong diagnosis, but not committing himself to speech.

"You mean that too much security dulls enjoyment, and robs it of zest. It may be so, although the puppy has not discovered it yet."

For the puppy, having been soundly cuffed for forward behavior by the stately cat, had retired in good order to his own playground, decorated with various gnawed bones and all the curiosities of research which only a puppy can unearth in a given area. Much engaged as he was upon a hairless old scrubbing-brush, he could still roll his eye lovingly and roguishly upon his human admirers; he had even a propitiatory wagging tail for the stern cat, and would have loved her too, so full of kindness was that small puppy's large heart, if her vixenish temper would have suffered it. Stooping down, the woman held out her arms and the puppy leapt into them.

"I haven't whipped you yet," she said softly into one drooping velvet ear. Then she rose and held out a friendly hand.

"Seven o'clock! I must go in and prepare supper, and it is your dinner-hour. You see I know the ways of the gentry."

"It was quite unnecessary to tell me so. May I come again to see this 'Alice in Wonderland' garden?"

"By all means, when you are passing; life is so little without an audience."

Gathering her tools together, she went indoors with the puppy as train-bearer, and a little later, during the consumption of his employer's tough country mutton, the *locum tenens* asked the housekeeper concerning the ways and means of the lady living at Cherry Cross. Mrs. Lockett, who prided herself upon knowing all there was to be known about any resident in the village, was quite equal to the occasion.

In her own words she informed him that Miss Lester had been at Cherry Cross one month come Whit-Monday, that she had brought an old servant with her who was practically useless through rheumatism; that Miss Lester, with occasional outside help, did most of the domestic duties, and mishandled the garden as only a rash and ignorant person could venture to do. Like an able judge, Mrs. Lockett summed up with no apparent leaning towards the prosecution or the defence.

"Sarah Lane—that's her with the scatics—do say that Miss Lester has no call to do as she does, that it's just a whimsy, owing to her having been brought up so different. I declare to goodness it wouldn't be my choice if I'd money coming in reg'lar, as they say it comes to her. Seeing she looked genteel, the gentry had a mind to take her up, but the squire's wife warned them of that, because one day when she was a'most through the gate to pay a call she saw Miss Lester a-spreading tablecloths to bleach in the sun. She might have been doin' worse, I think; but high-life people has their own notions, so they don't go a-nighst her now."

"Then the loss is theirs. All the same, I doubt if Miss Lester is well off."

He doubted it still more as he watched her garden growing, for hers was not the calm content belonging to regular dividends and an assured future, although the brightness with which she plied her homely tasks had its great charm for him. And despite its mutiny against accepted formulas and the undisciplined efforts of the puppy to quarry out sepulchres for his bones, her garden grew and flourished.

She may have had that kindly touch which seedlings thrive under, for although they came up an irregular and undrilled squad, no lack of technical skill could retard their growth or make

them weaklings. The puppy could enjoy the forest rights of the tall peas and beans waving far above his head, and in such ambushes he would lie in wait for the stately cat, and so ruffle her dignity and her fur by sudden rushes which overturned her into the celery trench that she thought worse of him than ever.

The *locum tenens* found Mary Lester and her dog very entertaining companions, so he went and came with the happy assurance of a free-lance. She told him once that he was lowering his social status by so doing.

"You have a reputation to lose, whereas I have none. In Mapledore I am quite outside the pale. Could The Crookeries, with its upstart, straying potatoes, belong to a person whom it was desirable to know?"

"Personally speaking, I would far rather come to The Crookeries, with its delightful surprises, than visit up at the 'House,' where it is so dull, and where there is not even a brown puppy to bite my stockings into holes."

"We are going to knit you a pair between us, we are so flattered that you like to come and see us. At the suburban villa very few men ever came to see us. I am alluding now to ancient history, when the puppy was not."

"Why?" asked Kingsford, with the bluntness which good-fellowship had established between them. "Why shouldn't other men have been just as pleased to come and see you as I am?"

"Because times are changed. You know the dreadful gentility that reigns under the stern eye of a model parlor-maid. Here in Mapledore I can venture to be just myself—for better or for worse. By this horny hand of toil, I swear that I have done with pretending for ever and ever."

"You should swear by something more substantial. I believe you garden in gloves when no one is looking; your

hand looks smaller and weaker than ever."

He might have added that the healthy sunburn had not tanned her face, with its strange wistfulness which no bright manner could ever hide. As she watched the great flaming sun drawing down towards the ripening earth he wondered anew what shadow was between her and its light. He was rather common-place, with few inspirations save those belonging to a kind heart; but he was a gentleman, and Mary Lester and the brown puppy had discovered this at the very first attack upon the knitted stockings. She had so obviously forgotten her visitor in watching the splendid glow of earth and sky that she turned apologetically when the puppy thrust himself upon her in triumph to display a tramp's discarded boot, which at great personal risk he had wrested from a bigger dog than himself.

"I am like the little girl who could not believe that this is merely the wrong side of heaven. I also resemble the wicked old man who found this world more than good enough for him. If only that great dazzling sun would take me with it, I should escape the night, and see the Southern Cross put out by a greater glory."

"The sun is not very long away from us at this time of the year," he answered cheerfully; "and you look as if you needed a good night's rest."

"I think not, for the dark hours seem wasted with a summer so delicious and so brief. It makes me sorry to bid the sun good-night. I would rather see its gold upon the happy fields and shining through the clear still water than be rich in worldly gear. Now you—you think the sun well enough in its way, but your thoughts are fixed upon another sort of luminary—a bright red lamp burning over a brilliant brass plate in Harley Street?"

He laughed quite good-naturedly.

"Naturally they are; it is the romantic ideal of every youthful practitioner who has managed to scrape through his examinations. But I have as much chance of arriving at Harley Street as your puppy has."

She looked at the puppy struggling victoriously with the discarded boot, and answered thoughtfully:

"You might have made a more hopeless simile. It is characteristic of the puppy that he always gets what he wants. You might both go there—to Harley Street, I mean. You would do well there, I think, for you are kind, and so many go to a doctor when they are less sick than sorry; you would do them good."

Not the most conceited man alive could have misinterpreted her words or wrested their wistful simplicity away from the truth. He was not conceited, and he answered in the same spirit:

"If you really felt that, you would let me know what is wrong: even if I could not help you, it might do you good to tell me."

Her face darkened as though the sinking sun had finally withdrawn its light. After a little pause she answered almost recklessly:

"There is no reason why I should not tell you, especially as you will be leaving in a few days. A little while ago, when I thought I was free to live my life in my own way—such a simple way—I found the sword above my head. I consulted Provis, and he showed it to me; he even told me approximately when it would fall. Now you understand why I think so much of this summer—for it is the last I am to see."

So this was the meaning of the look upon her face! And the sentence had been pronounced by Provis—the man so famous for never making mistakes. He looked at the thin white hand which no sunburn could brown, and blamed himself for having thought that only

the cares of poverty were weighing upon her. He spoke gently, as we do to those under sentence and with no hope of reprieve.

"I wish you had told me this before. Why did you not?"

"Because no one here knows, and I wanted to play at life a little longer—to make believe, as children do." And then she told him in a few words, and inexperienced as he was he felt that Provis had made no mistake—could have made none—in so simple a diagnosis of incurable ill.

"... It isn't as if I felt much pain—if I did I might be glad it is merely a question of months; but you see I wanted to live—just that! I had no ambition, no wish to get in any one's way; I wanted to enjoy life just as the puppy does. At first I almost hated him because he was so young, so different from me; but now I love him too much to grudge him anything. You know now why the sun goes down with a splendor for me that others are blind to—why I never want the night to steal the color from my flowers. I have to snatch at my joys, to reach for them through bars; and as the swift current hurries me away I grasp at each blossoming bough—and it breaks in my hand."

He wanted so much to say something that was kind and pitying, yet nothing better than a stereotyped professional remark would occur to him.

"But surely you are not carrying out the instructions that Provis must have given you! Your old servant does hardly anything, and merely gives you trouble. You are using no means to prolong life."

"I know what you mean—that I ought to have stayed in the suburban villa with a white-capped nurse in attendance, and all the paraphernalia of an incurable illness. I couldn't have endured it. I should have had the clergyman calling officially, and it

would have shocked him to see the fear of death deepening upon me with each day; for I am afraid—that is why I play at life—why I shall plant bulbs in my garden for a spring that is not for me. In the quiet times I am so frightened of what is coming that I almost want to run and meet it."

It was as though a child had put a timid hand into his through fear of the darkness, and all that was kindest and most faithful in him responded to the appeal. Wayfarers together for a little space, he wanted to cheer her for those last steps that each must take alone.

"I have no fear that you will do that—I know you far too well. You are only frightened of the shadow; you will be quite brave and hopeful when the call comes. I have seen many die, but so few afraid."

She watched him earnestly—so earnestly that not even to give her comfort could he have spoken untruly.

"I am thankful to hear you say so. I feel that you would not dare—would you?—to speak peace unless you believed; for you see how soon I *must* know."

"No," he answered her simply: "I would not dare."

"Please don't think hardly of me for making so much ado about dying—I know it is the common lot, and one ought not to mind; but how I shall miss the pleasant homely things of every day—my little dog who thinks there is no one like me in the whole world! Why couldn't I watch the sowing and the reaping just a little longer? and what harm would it be if the scarlet poppies flamed for me as well as for others until a few more years had passed?"

"It pains me to hear you speak so sadly. Remember what you said about this being the wrong side of heaven; try to think of it differently."

"I have tried—so hard; but sometimes

when I look up past innumerable stars into that nothingness which we call space my soul turns giddy. How lonely it will feel without its accustomed body—how lost in such desolate freedom!"

And with the youth of his own body almost denying its mortality he did not know how to answer her—how to reach the lonely place on which she stood; but his silent sympathy touched her more healingly than any words could have done, and the brave cheerfulness of her voice came back as the puppy rushed in breathless with triumph at having barked the mail cart right out of sight and surprised the driver into reckless language. He was so overjoyed at this piece of mutiny that he could not pretend to be sorry as his mistress took him to task.

"Puppy, you will do that once too often. You should play with your disreputable scrubbing-brushes; they are safer toys, and will not break you. Who would think that one small body could contain so much delight? You must be very tightly packed, with no room for a good conscience—bad ones take less space."

Then she turned brightly to her visitor, as one bestowing a favor rather than asking one:

"As our friendship began with the puppy, I should like it to end with him too. Will you have the reverslinary interest of him and his bag of biscuits—when we have to part company?"

He might have promised a greater thing and given less comfort. She bade him good-night so cheerfully that he could scarcely identify her voice with the one which had pleaded so wistfully for the denied gift. Her questions repeated themselves to him often, but there was no answer. Why not for her the sowing and the reaping, the splendid glow of the wild popples, when there were so many blind and deaf to the simple wholesome joys of life—so

many misusing the hours which she spent diligently and to no harmful purpose? He could not answer these questions, and he was only sure of one thing—that Provis had made no mistake.

The *locum tenens*, driving back from a case through the early summer morning, thought the sight and feeling of it worth the sleepless hours.

It was still so early that the dawn had not broken two hours, and the rising sun sent level red-gold rays to pierce the white mist which brooded over fields ripening so fast towards the harvest. In a serene, clear sky the young crescent moon was fading out of sight—the same moon which at its full was to light tired harvesters upon their homeward way. The little breeze which stirs with the dawn had stilled like the twitterings of waking birds, and a beautiful silence refreshed the new day.

Neither indoor nor outdoor servants were astir, so he had to unharness the horse himself. His hands were busy at the first buckle when hurried footsteps made him turn round to encounter the driver of the mail cart, who was breathless with running and very obviously relieved to find the doctor up and out.

"You must come to Cherry Cross—the lady's hurt. That d—d dog of hers got under my wheels, and before I knew it or could pull up she was under them too. I believe she is done for; but she ran to her death, and I only knew what had happened when I felt the wheels jerk."

The man was so white and frightened that he could scarcely speak, and it was only the consciousness of work to be done that steadied the other from such a shock.

"Where is she?"

"I carried her through the garden gate, and laid her down—she said it

hurt too much; then I came for you. There wasn't any one else about!"

Rebuckling the strap, the doctor told the man to get up, and they drove swiftly off. Knowing that he had a simple restorative with him, he did not go into the surgery for splints and bandages, for an unerring instinct told him there would be no need of them.

He felt that the sudden call had come in mercy to save her those last lingering days which she had so dreaded. His first glance showed him the truth of this, for death was in her face—the peace and aloofness of death without its terror. She knew him, and could speak faintly:

"It does not hurt so much; but, oh, do not touch me!"

There was little need to move her, and he checked the man, who wanted to be useful without knowing how.

"There is nothing you can do here. Go into the house and rouse the servant."

Watching his face, she understood; she may have done so from the first.

"Then this is the last chapter—the last page?"

"Yes; but you are quite brave and not frightened?"

There was nothing professional in his kindness, for this was a parting between dear friends, and her vision was clearer than his as she looked round wistfully before answering:

"I don't think I am afraid. It is morning, and I am out among my flowers. Those level sunbeams seem a kindly way for a lonely soul. I am a little sorry, but not afraid."

So he stayed by her in the garden

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which she had planted so irregularly and yet by the law of love. Every old-fashioned dewy flower breathed fragrance, and the warmth of the ascending sun touched her white face and the whiteness of her lilies, revealing a glory in each. The brown puppy, unscathed and merry with his toys, was quite unheeding of what he had done—in a few more months he might have understood and broken his heart with grief—and presently came bounding to her side, and a whimsical smile dawned in her brave eyes.

"I can't whip you, Puppy; that is all done with. As a big dog you will not remember what a naughty little dog you were once—I am glad about that."

Then she addressed the man who was guarding her so carefully from the puppy's ignorant and ecstatic affection.

"It was pure accident; the man did not see, and I had no time to think. Perhaps God meant that—to give me no time—to become afraid——"

Mary Lester had left the *locum tenens* more than the brown puppy, and although he did not reach Harley Street he was near enough to it for prosperity. As she had foretold, his kindness of heart served him better than more brilliant attainments, and those who were more sorry than sick found his counsel and sympathy very helpful. His wife drove out with a handsome St. Bernard in her carriage, but he himself never took the briefest holiday without one old and loving friend—an Irish terrier who was called in age, as he had been in youth, just "the brown puppy."

Ellen Ada Smith.

THE NEW DISCOVERIES IN ELECTRICITY.

The recent discoveries in this branch of science may be grouped under two heads; those tending to render more certain the belief that electricity and light are essentially one; and those which are revealing the hitherto entirely unknown phenomena at present grouped together under the general name of *radio-activity*. All the discoveries point to one conclusion; namely, that electricity is a far more important factor in the material universe, as known to men, than has ever been dreamt of before. Many believe that a recognition of this truth will lead to a great extension of knowledge, and at the same time to a unification of the different branches of physical science, which will probably modify all existent theories.

The connection between electricity and light was suspected by Faraday, who could give no reasons for the strong conviction which led him to try many different combinations in the hope of discovering some interaction between electricity or magnetism and light. He succeeded in showing that if a ray of polarized light traverses a strong magnetic field, the plane of polarization is changed. He failed to find that which he principally sought, an alteration in the period of the emitted light by electro-magnetic means. Where Faraday failed, Zeeman, working with the far more sensitive instruments of the present day, succeeded in 1896.

What Faraday found was sufficient to prove that there is some interaction between the forces which traverse a magnetic field and the "ether" waves of light. The ether is assumed to exist throughout all the material universe, and to be the medium which conveys light and radiant heat. When it was proved that light must be a wave-mo-

tion, and not, as Newton had supposed, an imponderable emanation, it was necessary to conceive of something which could be thrown into wave-motion. Obviously this something could not be, as in the case of sound, the air. Yet, though in one sense the ether is a pure assumption, endowed with properties as required for the functions it is maintained to fulfil, yet, inasmuch as this assumption is found to be a satisfactory explanation of many phenomena, it is held by most scientific men that the ether is quite as real as matter or energy; in other words, that like matter and energy it is that expression of unknown realities which the limitations of our intellect and of our senses enable us to conceive. In ultimate essence we know absolutely nothing.

Faraday believed that the electric and magnetic forces of attraction and repulsion act by means of stresses and strains in the ether, and Clerk Maxwell worked out an elaborate mathematical theory to show how all the then known phenomena of electricity might be explained as mechanical disturbances of the ether, and how light might be considered a special case of such disturbances. The present belief of many physicists is that Maxwell's theory is too artificial, but that it certainly contained elements of truth, for it foreshadowed the existence of electro-magnetic waves similar in nature to the waves of light. Of these waves there was in Maxwell's day not the slightest experimental evidence. Helmholtz tried to find them, but without success. The problem was solved by Hertz in 1889.

Given the velocity with which a periodic disturbance of any sort traverses a medium, then the wave-length can be calculated if the period of vibration of the disturbing cause is known. The

velocity of electricity had been experimentally proved to be equal to the velocity of light. An oscillatory movement of electricity which, if the theory was correct, ought to produce ether waves, was given by an electric spark. For, if the light of an electric spark is thrown by means of a rapidly rotating mirror upon a photographic plate, it is found to produce bands of light and darkness, showing that what to our eyes appears as a single spark really consists of several moving to and fro. The period of this vibration can be calculated in any given case, and thence follows the length of the ether waves it would produce. Hertz recognized that it was not possible with the means at his disposal to find waves 300 metres or more in length, such as the spark of an ordinary Leyden jar would produce, and that it was necessary to construct apparatus which should give sparks made up of much more rapid oscillations, and hence producing much shorter waves. He succeeded in obtaining a wave-length of only three metres, and he proved the existence of these ether waves by the phenomena of resonance. When an insulated ring of metal of suitable dimensions was rightly placed, sparks were seen to pass a tiny gap in the ring, showing that a current had been induced in the metal by the impact of the waves. We now have a much more sensitive detector of electric waves in the coherer, an instrument which depends upon the fact that bits of metal in such loose contact that they do not ordinarily allow any current to pass, come into closer contact and form a good conductor if they are traversed by electric waves. Various explanations of this phenomenon have been put forward, but it is not yet satisfactorily understood. Upon the coherer depends the possibility of wireless telegraphy, into the technical details of which it is not necessary to enter here.

While engineers have been utilizing these waves for practical purposes, physicists have been studying their properties. Generally speaking, those substances are transparent to electric waves which are bad conductors of electricity, while metals are opaque. For short distances the path of the waves is a straight line, but for long distances it follows the curvature of the earth in some way. Trees, high buildings, and any steep irregularities of the surface hinder the propagation of these waves. Like the waves of light, they can be reflected from metal surfaces, focused by lenses, bent out of their path by prisms. And just as wave-lengths of light and of radiant heat are measured by means of the phenomena of interference, so also can wave-lengths of electricity be experimentally determined. The shortest wave-length yet measured is about 3 millimetres in length. The waves of light are measured in ten thousandths of a millimetre, so that between the longest ultra-red wave-length which has been isolated and measured, and the shortest wave-length produced by spark gap apparatus there is a great unknown region. And yet there is good reason to believe that there is absolute continuity between the short waves, the effects of which are known to us as heat and light and chemical action, and the longer waves of electricity. Theoretically, ether waves may be of any length. We do not know whether different effects are produced by the different wave-lengths of electric waves; neither do we know anything about the waves which lie beyond the shortest ultra-violet that has been isolated and studied. It hardly seems probable that only those wave-lengths produce physical, chemical, or physiological effects, which lie within the narrow limits of the spectrum.

Spark gap apparatus suggests ques-

tions respecting lightning, which is a natural electric spark on a gigantic scale, but the whole subject of atmospheric electricity is as yet very little understood. Physicists hope that they will be able to attack these problems more successfully now that within the last ten years something has been learnt about the movement of electricity in gases.

For till quite recently this was unknown ground. The beautiful and varied light effects which are seen when an electric current traverses a vacuum tube were described and classified, but not understood. Hittorf and, a little later, Crookes, experimented with tubes in which the gas was rarefied to a millionth of the normal pressure. At pressures as low as this, the luminous effects almost entirely disappear, the current still traverses the tube, but in darkness, and a new effect appears at the cathode. It becomes the starting point of rays, which, though invisible themselves, cause the glass wall opposite them to fluoresce brilliantly. These cathode rays do not carry the current, for they go absolutely straight forward, wherever the anode may be. They are produced by the current, or are rendered observable by the current, but they are not the current itself. They cause fluorescence in many substances besides glass; they produce intense heat when they strike a surface, and they can be permanently deflected from their path by a magnet, so that they describe a curve which is the resultant of the original straightforward motion and the motion induced by the magnetic field, and this curve can be rendered visible by means of a fluorescent screen. In 1879 Crookes gave a lecture in which he demonstrated his experiments and stated his explanation. He thought that the cathode rays consist of "radiant matter," that is, matter in so exceedingly rarefied a condition that it differs from a gas at ordi-

nary pressure, as a gas differs from a liquid, or a liquid from a solid. His views were not accepted by the majority of physicists at the time, but later discoveries have shown that he was right in considering the cathode rays to be the streams of *something* and not, as Hertz had supposed, a form of ether disturbance. Hertz was able on his theory to account for the *magnetic* deflection, but when, later on, J. J. Thomson proved that the cathode rays could also be *electrically* deflected, and that they are attracted to a positively electrified plate exactly as negatively charged bodies would be, then it was generally admitted that the cathode rays are streams of electrified particles. Physicists are able to calculate the velocity with which the particles move and the ratio of the electric charge they bear to their mass, and thence to estimate what the electric charge is and what the mass is. The results of many different experiments with various gases and many different calculations substantially agree. The velocity is about a fifth of the velocity of light. The mass is less than a thousandth of the mass of an atom of hydrogen, which had hitherto been thought to be the very smallest particle capable of existing independently. To these far tinier particles, the size of which "bears the same ratio to the size of a bacillus as a bacillus to the whole earth," has now by general consent been given the name *electron*. They are supposed to be portions, as it were, knocked off an atom. Besides the cathode rays, so-called, there are other rays which also start from the cathode, rays consisting of positively electrified particles. But they are much more difficult to detect and study, and very little is known about them as yet. The mass is found by experiment and calculation to be of the same order as that of an atom, and the theory is that they constitute the residue

of the chemical atom after a negative electron has been removed. There have been three great theories of electricity. (1) The old fluid theory of Weber, which assumes that electricity is a primarily existent something, distinguishes between positive and negative electricity, and speaks of individual particles of electricity, these particles being the seat of forces which act at a distance through space. (2) The theory of Faraday, Maxwell, and Hertz, that there is no such thing as action at a distance without a medium of communication, and that the explanation of electro-magnetic phenomena is to be sought, not in the particles of electricity, but in the intervening ether. (3) The theory now held, which is an amalgamation of the two former. Electricity is again assumed to be a primarily existent something like matter and energy, and to be probably dual in essence, there being a real difference between positive and negative electricity corresponding to the difference in their manifestations, so that it is not only a question of more or less. The individual particles of electricity are believed to be imbedded in the ether, and connected with it in such a way that every movement of the particles causes disturbances in the ether, and every rearrangement of the particles affects the strains and stresses of the ether. Furthermore, matter and electricity are so related that wherever there is matter there also there is electricity, so that all the different ways of producing electricity are only different ways of separating the positive and negative electricities, and so rendering them manifest.

There is something—what it is we know not—about the distribution of electricity which is exactly analogous to difference of level. We call it difference of potential or electromotive force, and measure it by the work done by it, or against it, just as we meas-

ure work done by or against gravity. And just as a small amount of water produces great results if it falls from a height, so a small amount of electricity at high potential produces far more striking results than a very much larger amount which flows between points, the difference of potential of which is small. It is the contrast between the waterfall and the sluggish stream. There is not much electricity involved in the electric spark of the friction machine; perhaps not even, relatively speaking, in the lightning flash. Of the three chief artificial methods we possess of producing electricity, the frictional method gives us little electricity at high potential, the chemical method gives us much electricity at low potential, and by the magnetic method, the method of induction, we obtain both much electricity and high potential. Hence the mechanical marvels of the present day.

What is it that really takes place when an electric current passes through a solid, liquid, or gas? The flow of the current through a liquid is accompanied by chemical change, and it is believed that the molecules of an electrolyte are constantly breaking up into positive and negative "ions" and as constantly reuniting, so that at any given instant a certain number of ions are free. As soon as the circuit is closed the electromotive force directs these free ions towards the negative and positive poles, where, when they strike the metal electrodes, some interchange of electricity takes place, so that the charged ion becomes a neutral molecule. Although in one sense the existence of these ions is purely hypothetical, their velocity can be both calculated and experimentally determined, and it is so extremely low that it is measured in fractions of a millimetre per second. Yet the current, or amount of electricity which crosses any section in unit of time, is relatively great, be-

cause the ions bear a very large charge. The charge carried by an ion is a definite quantity whatever that ion may be. This is a remarkable law, first discovered by Faraday, which in the light of modern research is shown to be of exceeding importance. If it is the motion of the ions which constitutes the current, then, in liquid electrolytes, the current is really a convection stream—moving matter electrically charged.

Nothing is known of the way in which electricity moves in metals, but mathematical physicists are now trying to see how it will work out if they assume that the current is carried in a metal conductor by the actual motion from particle to particle of electrons, and so far the calculations seem to agree with the observed phenomena.

With respect to gases the theory which has proved more fertile than any other, and is therefore believed to be nearer the truth, is that here also the current is of the nature of a convection stream. It is supposed that particles of any of the substances contained in the gas, or of the gas itself, are split up into the positive and negative parts or ions; not however of the same nature as the electrolytic ions, because there is not necessarily chemical decomposition involved. If there are a few to begin with in the line of electric stress, these few by their movement break up other particles; but recombination keeps pace with decomposition, until the electromotive force, which increases the velocity, and therefore the power of the ions, has obtained such a value that by rapid impact the numbers increase as an avalanche grows. The ions set towards the poles, the charge is passed on from particle to particle by collisions, and though each individual ion may only have travelled a very little way, electricity passes with the speed of light.

By a most elaborate method J. J. Thomson measured the charge on a

gaseous ion and he found "that the charge on the ion seems to be independent of the agent by which it is produced as well as of the gas from which it originates, and that it is equal to the electrolytic charge on the hydrogen atom." Furthermore Thomson has found that, "although at ordinary pressure the ion seems to have a very complex structure and to be the aggregate of many molecules, yet at very low pressures the structure of the ion, and especially of the negative one, becomes very much simpler."

This theory of discharge through gases does not require that more than one perhaps in a billion particles should be broken into ions, but it does require that before a spark can pass some ions should be there to start the collisions. Hence it would seem to follow that if two paths were equally easy for the discharge, that path would be chosen where, before the electromotive force began to act, there were most ions ready to pass the current on.

There is much, very much, respecting the passage of electricity through gases which is not yet understood, in spite of the great advances of the last ten years. In a vacuum, as perfect as it can now be constructed, the electric current does not pass at all, thus proving that the presence of some gas is necessary, as assumed by the theory of ions. But the meaning of the colors, and the bands of light, and the dark spaces when the current passes through a gas not too highly rarefied, are not understood. Indeed, why should there be any luminous effects at all connected with the gentle discharge through a gas? The light of a spark is accounted for by the heat generated by the violent discharge, but there is very little heat generated in the rarefied gas, certainly not enough to cause incandescence. It is light without heat, like the light of the glow-worm; it is electricity sending out the ether waves.

which we know as light. There are other noteworthy peculiarities about the electric discharge through gases. In order that a spark should pass even across a very small gap of air, a tolerably high electromotive force is needed; but if cathode rays, Röntgen rays, or Becquerel rays are passing through it, a gas will conduct electricity under very feeble forces. The theory is that these rays in some way "ionize the gas," as the phrase is now. There is also a remarkable action due to ultra-violet light. When it shines on a bright metal surface it draws negative electricity out of the metal, so that if the metal is negatively charged it loses its charge under this illumination, and if uncharged it becomes positively charged by subtraction of the negative electricity. By making the experiments with metal enclosed in vacuum tubes, and by very delicate apparatus, it was found that the particles of negative electricity, drawn out of the metal by ultra-violet light, are similar to the electrons of the cathode rays; they are deflected by a magnet in the same way, and their velocity is found to be of the same order. So that here again there is another instance of what the Germans call "body rays" (*Körperstrahlen*) to distinguish them from ether rays of light or electricity. Moreover here are "cathode rays" without any electric current to produce them. Another effect of ultra-violet light is that it is able directly to ionize the gas through which it shines in proportion as it is absorbed by that gas. Hence it is supposed that there must be something in the gas which vibrates with the same period—probably the electrons in the atom.

By absorbing the energy of the wave of light, the energy of the oscillating electron becomes greater and greater and may become so great that it breaks away from the atom; and so ions are formed. In any case here is

another remarkable connection between electricity and light.

The discovery which Zeeman made in 1896 amounts to this. He found that if the source of light which is sending forth a definite color—that is, wavelength—is placed between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet, then the spectrum of that light is changed. He experimented first with the bright yellow sodium light, which gives two definite lines in the spectrum, and he found that these lines were altered, which means that the period of vibration of the source of light was affected by the strong magnetic field. And that means again that the vibrating particle which sends out the ether waves is electric in nature, for it is affected by the magnetic field as a charged electric body would be. By most elaborate calculations Zeeman and Lorentz discovered that this electric vibrating particle which produces light is in essentials identical with the electron of the cathode rays. And so, in the words of Professor Kayser of Bonn: "After electrons had once been recognized in the cathode rays, it was soon found that they exist almost everywhere and that they play a great part in the economy of nature."

The story of the "accidental" discovery of the Röntgen rays is too well known to require repetition, and the phenomena are perfectly familiar nowadays; but with respect to the category to which they belong, they are still *x* rays, as at the time when they were first observed. Wherever cathode rays are checked by a glass or metal surface, they give rise to these marvellous Röntgen rays, which differ from the cathode rays essentially in this; they cannot be deflected by electric or magnetic means. And that is why they are believed not to be "body-rays," but to be some disturbance in the ether. The penetrability of the Röntgen rays seems to depend only upon the density, and

not upon the material of the substances through which they pass. When the Röntgen rays strike a surface they in their turn give rise to secondary rays of more than one kind, some of which, when the surface is a metal, are "cathode" rays, such as those drawn out of a metal by ultra-violet light.

The cathode rays may be said to be the foundation stone of the new branch of physics called radio-activity, so that the investigations begun by Hittorf and Crookes a quarter of a century ago into the phenomena connected with the passage of currents through rarefied gases, and which were then considered by many to be a sort of scientific trifling, are leading to vast results. When any substance produces fluorescence, blackens the photographic plate and ionizes the air, as the cathode and Röntgen rays do, it is said to possess the property of radio-activity. The discovery of radio-active substances followed on that of the Röntgen rays, which gave a great impetus to research. In the laboratories all over the world experiments were undertaken in order to find rays with the same wonderful penetrating powers, which should be independent of an electric current. It was thought that the rays were connected in some way with the substances that fluoresce, and Becquerel made experiments with fluorescent salts of uranium, to find out whether they also had the power of blackening a photographic plate through an opaque wrapper. He exposed them for several days to sunlight, then brought them into a dark room, and found that this was indeed the case. He thought that the absorbed energy of the sunlight not only produced the fluorescence, which was a familiar phenomenon, but also these penetrating Röntgen-like rays. But one day, when for some reason the exposure to sunlight had been omitted, it was found to make no difference at all. The rays proceeding from the uranium

salts were not dependent upon a previous supply of energy from the sun, nor did time bring any diminution of their power. In 1898 G. C. Schmidt was able to show that compounds of thorium send out similar rays. The minerals, which contain, among many other elements, uranium and thorium, may be called natural radio-active substances. From these natural radio-active substances far more powerful radio-active substances have been extracted by chemical means, and new elements have been discovered, the best known being radium, pure salts of which were first obtained by Professor and Madame Curie from the mineral pitchblende, a uranium ore found in Bohemia.

In the present state of our knowledge, when almost every week brings new facts to light, no generalization on the subject of radio-activity is possible. Suffice it here to quote the words of the *Times* of the 26th of June of last year: "Matter in quantities invisible under the microscope, unweighable on the finest balance, and beyond the range of detection even of the spectroscope, can be accurately studied and quantitatively investigated if it possesses the property of radio-activity."

Scientists are not agreed as to the source of energy of the Becquerel rays, rays capable of doing "work" in the scientific sense of that term, without any energy being supplied from without, to our knowledge. Lodge, Crookes, Rutherford, and many others are advocates of the disintegration theory, namely, that the elements in question are disintegrating at an extremely slow rate into other elements, so that the source of energy is the internal energy of the chemical atom. Madame Curie and others think that the energy of the radio-active substances does come to them from without, that they are able to absorb the energy of rays of some sort which pass through other

substances unperceived. But on this point all are at one: that the discovery of the radio-active elements is revealing facts hitherto absolutely undreamt of; that, as Professor Grätz says, there apparently is, behind the world of phenomena as we know it, an entirely unknown region the very first coast-lines of which we are only just beginning to perceive.

Such an extension of our knowledge naturally brings with it a shaking of the foundations, and at least one eminent chemist has called attention to the fact that, after all, our chemistry is only the chemistry of the means at our disposal; that our very greatest heat, the heat of an electric arc, which breaks up all molecules into atoms, is insignificant compared with cosmical heat, and that we have no idea what the effect of other conditions might be.

It has been thought for some time that chemical affinity is really electric in essence, but it has not yet been possible to work out any satisfactory theory. On the electric theory of matter, namely, that atoms are complex—"an aggregate of smaller bodies restrained and coerced into orbits by electrical forces"—chemical affinity should admit of an electric explanation. Experiments with radio-active substances seem about to confirm the electric theory of matter in an astounding way. Of the three principal kinds of rays given off by a radium salt—distinguished by some scientists as α , β and γ —the α rays are the most easily absorbed. A metal plate will shut them off, and enable the more penetrating rays to be studied alone. These rays will produce a dot of light on a phosphorescent screen. If now electrical and magnetic forces act on the rays, then there appear on the screen a fainter, undeflected dot and a band of light; the band and dot being separated by a space. The fainter dot is caused by the undeflected γ rays and the band

of light by β rays of varying velocity. These β rays are found to be streams of electrons, like the cathode rays, but with a velocity approaching one-third that of light. And the result of mathematical calculations based on the experiments was, that at velocities so high as this, the mass of the electron was no longer a constant. Now mass, if it really is mass, cannot become a function of the velocity, so it was evident that part at least of the mass was apparent and due to the inertia of electricity known under the name of self-induction. Indeed many physicists consider it proved that not only a part, but the whole, of the mass of the electron is apparent, from which it follows that "cathode rays," whencesoever obtained, consist of pure negative electricity.

And there are men who are now going a step further still. They say: "If forces that are purely electro-magnetic produce exactly the same effects as would be produced by the inertia of matter, perhaps all matter is in the same sense only apparent." At present the phenomena of physics are, as it were, divided into two camps: acoustics and heat, which are explained from the laws of mechanics; and electricity, with its subdivision light, which has not been satisfactorily thus explained. For half a century we have tried to explain electricity mechanically, and may be said to have failed; let us now try to explain mechanics electrically, and see where that will lead us.

Perhaps it is a mere matter of words whether we say that all matter is electrically charged or that all matter is modified electricity. But it may lead to the most far-reaching conclusions if, in explaining phenomena, the laws of electricity should be taken as the premiss from which we start, instead of, as hitherto, the inertia of matter. And, inasmuch as the more nearly any explanation approaches the truth, the better does it point the way to fresh

knowledge, the fact that so radical a change may be about to take place is one of the reasons why there is a feeling of expectancy in the air. It is hoped that light may be thrown upon

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universal gravitation and other obscure problems, and it is suspected that science is trembling on the verge of something great.

Antonia Zimmermann.

IN A VICEREGAL CITY.

BY MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE.

It is the charm of association, rather than actual beauty, that attaches us to a city or a scene. Quebec, Chungking, and Edinburgh are alike beautifully situated, and were it not for the associations that cluster round Holyrood and the Castle and the Tolbooth, Princes Street might still be as fine a promenade, yet how infinitely less interesting! Thus though Chentu, the capital of China's westernmost and largest province, is not endowed with the beauties of "mountain and water" (mountain and water-landscape in Chinese) of the commercial centre, Chungking, yet its historical memories give it at once a sentimental value, only accentuated by its stately groves, its great flights of birds, the tense attitude of its officialdom since the advent of the present Viceroy, its population of artisan shopkeepers working late and early, together with its centuries-old, all-enchainning Chinese customs, each to us stranger than the other. Amongst all the many cities of China that I have visited, this is the first of which I could understand even a foreigner saying that he would by choice live there.

Situated on the well-irrigated plain that owes its riches to Li Ping, who some 200 years B.C. conceived the idea of cutting a way through a hill for the river of Ouansien, thus adapting the plateau for rice-growing, unknown there during the previous Chin Dynasty, Chentu is the centre of a rich agricultural population yearly reaping three

crops of a greatly varied nature. Its walls can only be compared with those of Peking; 27 feet high, 37 feet broad, so that twenty-five men can walk abreast on the top, they are unlike those at Peking in that they are not overgrown with grass and bushes and decayed by time, but kept in capital condition. Only interspersed with occasional guard-houses, they present an unbroken promenade save for the one interruption of the Manchu city sheltering crescent-wise under the wall beneath the west and north gates. There are but four gates or outlets to the world for all this crowded city full of three hundred thousand persons, and the consequent over-pressure at the east gate, by which all direct communication is carried on with the great trading emporium of Chungking, and all boat communication *via* the Min river with the Yangtse, that great thoroughfare of China, is a thing to be seen rather than imagined. Never save in Peking in the old days was there surely anything like it.

The city, or rather settlement, where the Manchus live, is shut off by walls and gates from the rest of the city. It is a region of lofty trees, peopled at night by many birds, with a parade ground where the Manchu men do that one bit of service to the nation in return for which they and their families live as pensioners upon the Chinese nation, generation after generation. There Manchu women stand before their

doors, each with a flower far projecting on one side of her head, be her age what it may, and in a long gown falling unglrt from the shoulders to the feet in straight lines, save when in winter a brazier is tied on underneath for warmth. Slatternly but highly rouged, the Manchu ladies can both walk and stand on their high-heeled clog-like shoes as well as their Chinese sisters of crippled feet—three inches seems to be not the minimum but the average foot-length in Chentu. Yet day after day and all day long they seem to find nothing better to do than to hang about outside their elegant entrance gates and gaze down the quiet roads, which are like English lanes with their overshadowing trees. There is a reserved, *farouche* air about them, and if addressed they quickly take refuge in the little gardens which they are said to keep tidy. But a more dispirited-looking set of hangers-on it would be difficult to discover than these Manchu pensioners, none of whom have been permitted for centuries to add to their pensions by trade or industry.

There is again another walled-off city in Chentu. Like the Forbidden City, or palace enclosure in Peking, there is here the Yellow City, sometimes called Liu Pei's city, where stood the palace of this remarkable man, who from being a poor lad selling straw sandals in the neighborhood of Peking pushed right across China and established one of the celebrated Three Kingdoms in Szechuan, somewhere in the third century A.D. It is true he claimed to be a lineal descendant of the Han Emperors. Now row beyond row of cells occupies the ground for the use of candidates at the great examinations, at which, for example, in 1897 13,000 students went up, and there were but 96 places to be distributed. Thinking over these figures one begins to understand the gilded characters over some of the more stately resi-

dences in Chentu, signifying that a man who has won his degree lives within. It is a relief to turn to the quiet streets off which stand these retired residences and to quit the intensely busy shopping streets, crowded from morning to night with an ever jostling crowd of carrying coolies each with two baskets dangling from either end of his pole; of horribly creaking wheelbarrows, on which, sometimes bound-foot women are pushed along, not sitting on either side of it as in an Irish jaunting car after the fashion of the east of China, but flouting the street in the attitude a lady assumes on a lounging chair in her own drawing-room. Here are Mandarins looking through the glass windows of their sedans, pale-faced and grave-visaged but be-necklaced and be-feathered for all the big goggles through which they stare somewhat blankly, gaily liveried pursuivants clearing the way before and attendants on horseback bringing up the little procession; beggars clacking bits of wood to attract attention, their legs and arms showing sharp pointed beneath the one mat the poor creatures clutch round themselves, sometimes with the air of being proud of having even that.

The great centre of Chentu is, however, not the Yellow City, which in material fact holds that position, but the Viceregal Yamen and official residence, where, beside the arsenal and between the south and east gates, at this present reigns Tsên Chun-hsüan, aged only forty-three, but already one of the most dreaded Viceroy's in China. He came here with the reputation that he would as soon cut off a man's head as look at him, and he has well kept up this character during the few months since his arrival. Heads have fallen in plenty, the province is terrorized, foreigners now wander through it unafraid, policemen innumerable with wands and uniforms keep order in the streets of Chentu. But no rain falls;

in the belt of mountain land stretching east and west to the south of the city the people starve, and the Chinese *vox populi* says Heaven is displeased at so much bloodshed. This Viceroy is reckoned one of the most enlightened officials of China; he has contributed towards the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge in China, he is putting out a proclamation against foot-binding nowhere more general and more cruel than in this city, and he has ordered fifty thousand copies to be printed for his own distribution. He is about to open a Viceregal college employing European instructors, although this scheme may fall through, as he is once more enacting the old edict ordering all scholars to do reverence before the tablet of Confucius. Already an immense military college is built, where Japanese officers are to train two hundred and fifty Chinese military Mandarins. A yet larger gymnasium for civilians, to be likewise under Japanese instructors, has also been built; Japanese officers have been procured to drill the army, and already from wall to wall and from Yamen to Yamen long-drawn melancholy trumpet notes wail out the difficulties of Chinese bandmen, struggling with European reveilles and tattoos. The Viceroy threatens to get the city cleaned out. He has already made it safe, and he found it almost in the hands of the Boxers, so slack had everything grown under the rule of the late Viceroy, an amiable Manchu, named Kuei. At the fires that have lately occurred, one a week, in the business parts of the city, the Viceroy himself has been out at night in an open sedan, so that he could see all round at once, enforcing order and keeping local carelessness officialdom up to the mark. It is sad to say that a young Englishman saw one of these sleepy ones, roused by an attentive servant as the Viceroy drew near, at once compose himself to sleep again

as his chief passed on his rounds of inspection. By day the Viceroy was at the smoking ruins again, on horseback this time. A man caught stealing was at once beheaded, his head stuck in a cage on a pole, and there it still is.

Cages are put to all sorts of uses here; heads put into them are stuck up high, of course, so that everyone may see them. And one can know where they are by seeing men quickly pulling their ample sleeves over their mouths and noses as they glance upwards. Prisoners also are placed in cages, sometimes in such that they can neither lie nor sit. Cats are habitually carried about for sale in cages in a land where goats spring about muzzled and haystacks float down great rivers. Dogs also at the festive season of the Chinese New Year are carried about in cages, barking somewhat indignantly. When I travelled through the west of China in a particularly comfortable basket chair, on which one could on occasion sleep at ease, the little boys used to cry out: "Look at the foreign woman in a cage!" And when some thieves drugged us by burning something and ransacked our bedroom while we slept, those same thieves were made to stand up in cages for days outside the door of our house, as a warning to others. Thus cages have many uses besides that of taking birds out for airings as we take our dogs.

But with all this hospitable reception of all the foreign men here at a dinner in the foreign style, his encouraging answer to the united missionary greeting, and apparent general enlightenment, deep within him the Viceroy Tsên must have stuff we little understand. He is the son of that Tsên in whose Viceroyalty of Yunnan Margary was murdered. When the British Minister of those days was most determined to obtain fitting expiation for the cruelly treacherous murder of this most brilliant young Consular official, the

Chinese Government risked everything, even to Sir Thomas Wade's leaving Peking in his indignation, rather than in any way consent to the incrimination of Tsên the Viceroy. Li Hung-chang spared no pains to propitiate, even to the sending of his own brother Li Han-chang on a mission to far-distant Yunnan to inquire into the matter, but he took care that Tsên also was on the commission of inquiry, thus invalidating it from the outset. Tsên came from Kwangsi, the province now so disordered, on one side at least connected with the aboriginal tribes of that province, whom he abandoned for the side of the Chinese Government, let us say of law and order, and thus assisted in quelling. He then rose to be Viceroy of Yunnan and Kweichow, and there suppressed the Mahomedan rebellion, bathing the country in bloodshed. After the fashion since followed in Blagovestschensk by Gribsky, Ataman of Cossacks, he ordered the old men, women, and children to be driven into the beautiful lake at Talifu, thus saving the trouble of beheading and burial; and when the Chinese General charged with the office remonstrated that such a deed was contrary to all moral principles, Tsên, the father, is said to have replied: "You have nothing to do with moral principles, your business is with the penal code." For some reason it is evident that the Chinese Government of that day was ready rather to risk a war with Great Britain than even to inquire into the complicity of this man in the murder of Margary, a complicity of which as the years have passed there has been increasing evidence, and for which murder in any case a Viceroy according to Chinese usage ought to be held responsible.

It is the son of this man who at the early age of forty-three has been appointed acting Viceroy of Szechuan, after having already held the office of Governor of Shansi. His wife, coming

by the Yangtse river to join him here, died on the way up. His son has died also. Since his arrival here one of his concubines has died. These deaths preclude him from receiving visitors at the New Year according to Chinese custom, and he has intimated to the officials that the Viceregal gates will be closed on New Year's Day. On the Eve, however, all were taking leave of him, and at least twenty uniforms of different shades of gaudy red and orange, only somewhat toned down by Chinese characters in black velvet, were to be counted in his outer courtyard with the same number of red official umbrellas.

But the Viceroy is further saddened by a possibly yet greater trouble. For four months no rain has fallen, and before that there was a shortage; 12,000 beggars are being retained in a lingering death in life by means of rice-soup kitchens outside the gates, and besides these a large working-class population is being reduced to destitution. The beggars do not work, they only paint themselves strange colors, and make unearthly noises and beg in various sad ways, sometimes crawling along the roadway without feet, sometimes an old white-haired crone proceeding slowly down the roadway on her knees, sometimes an aged man bent double under the weight of a crippled wife, round whose head fly scattered white hairs. The last crops were a failure; there is no promise of any crop at all in the spring among the mountains to the south. Even the well-irrigated Chentu plain has been reduced to somewhat acrid dust, and in the mountains beyond there is despair. The Viceroy is multiplying soldiers; he has cut off heads, even that of eighteen-year-old Miss Liao, daughter of a family of Literati, who had won the reputation of a Kwanyin Pusa, or Goddess of Mercy, amongst the Boxers of the neighborhood, and when she was betrayed by

treachery, for she was then living quietly in her own home, asked no mercy for herself, only that her young brother might be set at liberty. "He is not guilty. I alone am responsible. I—I am the guilty one," said the young girl, of whom report says that she was both beautiful and learned. Even the Viceroy shrank from beheading her, but a telegram to Peking received answer from the Empress Tse-hsi, the inexorable: "The maid must die." So she was beheaded, and only a few days afterwards the chief of the Boxer band was caught, and then the Viceroy said if he had been caught a few days earlier the young girl's life might have been spared.

But all this, it may be said, is quite intelligible, quite in accordance with the nature of a European. So is it that the Viceroy has been praying for rain. He says with passion: "I have prayed as much as I can and yet no rain comes." He has gone out by the north gate at least two miles from his Yamen by night, having the gate opened on purpose, as he alone of all men could, and proceeded to the celebrated Buddhist Temple some three miles further and there prayed in the early dawning. This also we can understand. For three weeks at one Christmas-time he ordered a fast so strict that no man could sell chickens or even eggs without having his ears slit off—it was really done; he even ordered the south gate to be closed, as is usual in times of great heat and drought.

But besides all this he set a soldier to stand on the wall by the north gate with one of the hand pumps used at fires, squirting up at the inexorable sky so as to pull down rain from Heaven. And yet no rain came. At this season no rain is expected here, but rather the crisp, dry, sunshiny weather we have been having, with the thermometer at thirty-five many mornings, rising up to fifty sometimes in the course of the

day. Then the Viceroy gave up the fast for a time, reopened the south gate and waited. But before that people said he walked the streets—he, a Chinese Viceroy, who never walks—and in mourning garments, as a confession of sins. Then again he ordered a fast, once more ordered every man to stick a willow bough in water at his door, place a writing on black paper over his house, but, odder still, ordered every little group of houses to provide a pig and make it squeal to Heaven for rain, or those houses that were too poor to afford a real pig to get a paper pig and beat drums and sound horns, and so try to attract Heaven's ear. Now there are stranger stories still, that by the north gate by which rain, or at this season rather snow, should enter, a pig has been placed upon the wall and is by the Viceroy's orders slinged every day, so that its cries may reach Heaven's ears, as indeed they well might; and another stranger story still is that at the temple outside the north gate, or in the close neighborhood of that temple, in the Viceroy's presence a living pig was offered in sacrifice, kerosene being poured over it and then set alight. All these are old Chinese usages, but even Chinese shrug their shoulders at the Viceroy reviving them now. They do not so much mind the fast at Christmas-time, but they have been greatly annoyed by a fast being ordered again just before their New Year, the one fortnight of holidays into which a Chinese tries to cram all the delight of all our Bank holidays and Sundays united.

All shops are closed now, red paper with fine black letter inscriptions hanging over every door, and pasted down the door posts; the shop signs are wrapped in red cloth, with gold and silver paper money hanging down over them. Everyone has got new paper lanterns outside the door and inside, some so pretty, and all smart people

have got new paper windows beautifully painted. A bank I visited had sprays of blossom painted on all its paper panes, figures in dull rich colors on its lanterns, and landscapes in the finest Cantonese embroidery hanging on its walls, red curtains over the doors, and red hangings over the chairs. The effect was much more like the Alhambra than Lombard Street. But I have never seen anything quite so pretty on the stage. Everything has been washed that the people know how to wash, everything has been swept up. It has not been done since last year. All who can afford to either buy or hire them have got new clothes. Even the very poor are crowding the pawnshops, which alone are still open, getting their clothes out of pawn. The streets are strewn with the crackers fired to drive away the evil spirits, they are rosy also with great boughs of pink sweet-scented blossom. All the flower gardens outside the gates have hired the finest entrances in the principal streets, tempting the passer-by to hire for the New Year season with their little dwarfed and twisted trees covered with blossom, and large oblong-shaped pots in which are exquisitely arranged together mauve Chinese primroses, sweet-scented white narcissi, a dwarfed camellia in blossom in front of a dwarfed plum or peach burgeoning, the whole thrown into relief by dark red beetroot leaves and a fantastic bit of rock. The streets are full of masks, so are the passers' hands; every man wears a new cap, stiff paper wrapped on the top of his old one.

Even into the old-world streets, that date from before the time of Marco Polo, something of the New Year penetrates in the shape of red paper inscriptions on the retired gateways, that neither forbid entrance nor invite approach, withdrawn somewhat from the roadway, which is wide, with trees down either side, as noted by the ob-

servant Venetian, and antique stone basins brimful of water hard by in case of fire. We seem to hear the footfalls of the men of long ago, as we wander on past the great Confucian Temple shut in amongst a grove of magnificent trees. There are old-world bits and to spare inside Chentu city. Outside the east gate among the pretty pavilions of the garden by the river, where Mandarins go to drink wine and see each other off by boat, there is a well, down which a woman patriot flung herself in the Tang Dynasty (sixth to ninth century A.D.) The opening is so narrow one shudders at the determination she must have exercised, nor wonders at the large stone tablet commemorating the deed. Behind a grove of fine old cypresses outside the south gate there is a hill, tree-covered, that marks the spot where Llu-pel's body lies, he of the Yellow City, he of the Three Kingdoms. There are ancestral halls, and temples with stately courtyards, and wonderful little gardens full of shrubs twisted out of all nature. "It will take sixty years to perfect that one," says a long-haired Taoist priest contemplating it with his head on one side, pondering perchance whether the turn of this twig, the truncating of that branch will meet the approval of posterity. Groves of bamboos, summer-houses built across running water, huge Nan-mu trees with their smooth stately trunks, wide-branching soap trees, spined with thorns all suggesting the long, hot, breathless days of a Szechuan summer, surround temples whose proportions and approaches charm rather than their details. Not but that the lacquer columns are often fine, the roof curves always magnificent. The soul feels at rest contemplating these last against the sky. And again and again one wonders what is to become of these interesting reliques of antiquity, these peaceful sanctuaries with their fine timbers both cut and uncut, if deter-

mined Europe and America succeed in converting this patient people from the errors of Buddhism, the incantations of superstition-bedraggled Taoism.

But the gates will be closing. We are not Viceroys to open them. In crowds the crows are cawing raucously on their way to their nests among the Manchu trees. We have not time to consider that lovely pale pink efflorescence of plum blossom among the lower trees, nor that field of sweet-scented narcissi, white and yellow, which you in England now call the Chinese Lily. With a sound as of a mighty organ pipe the innumerable pigeons swoop this way and that about the lofty walls before taking their last homeward flight, each with a cane, giving out a sound like an Æolian harp, tied under its tall feathers. Pretty green Yunnan parrots with red beaks are being taken in for the night from the perches outside the door, where they have sat all day. Mocking-birds, with little imitation tables in the middle of their cages, flowery eyebrowed thrushes, those that sing and those that fight and those that do both, are being covered up in Chinese blue cotton night-caps. It is time for all to seek the refuge of their homes, where the wind blows in at every crevice of both the floor and the ceiling, over the latter of which parade great droves of rats; where walls are replaced by lath and plaster screens that yet do not screen from the cold night air; where therefore everyone sits about as in bed in sheepskin waistcoats and heavily wadded and fur-lined overgowns, a symphony in green brocades sable-cuffed outside, or a harmony in dark purple and pale blue, not to speak of the other "hundred lovely hues made solely to be seen."

It is pleasant to think of a whole cityful given up to at least a fortnight's unmixed enjoyment—the better-class shops will not open for three weeks.

But through it all the Viceroy mourns. And besides all his other cares, there is the Roman Catholic Bishop pressing for compensation for every cottage destroyed by Boxers, that belonged to a real or nominal Roman Catholic convert, insisting on himself assessing the damage, and the head of the American Mission doing likewise, the representatives of the various Syndicates complaining loudly of any evasion with regard to the various concessions they say were granted them, a Japanese Consul persistent, an English Consul ditto, a German and a French Consul on their way, and an English Consul-General arriving, each to keep a wary look-out on the others' claims against China, which is not yet a corpse, is yet a living country. "But—but we are weak," say Chinese officials, "we dare not resent insolence." So they get it. They certainly get it. For all the New Year's season there must be many painful moments in the Viceroy's Yamen, for Tsên is not a man to whom yielding can come natural. How he must wish foreigners were the Kweidze evil spirits that Chinese love to call them. Then they would be driven away by the burst of crackers. Pop! pop! pop! they go. Happy little boys setting them off! Surely nowhere is boy childhood happier than in China, unburdened by that great trouble of childhood in other lands, the keeping themselves clean. And yet so fine; red brocade gowns, long violet jackets over them, and possibly a green wadded jacket on the top! How warm and comfortable and easy!

It seems a pity ever to grow into a man in China, which came as it now is in the childhood of the world, and is only bothered by all these strange nations, that have come into life and grown up since then, premature wisacres. People of pigtalls and pagodas, with your childlike one-syllable talk, and your merry monsters mouthing one-sidedly,

why must you grow up and be men. under pain of ceasing to be? Why should not China remain the one living fairy-tale land peopled by dwarfs and gnomes and generally unreasonable beings, brandishing tricorner flags bigger

than themselves as weapons of defence, and dressing up like tigers with stealthy step and spring to terrify the enemy? Why, oh why, must everything be modernized and Europeanized as with a whitewash?

The Cornhill Magazine.

HERALDRY.

It may be remembered by readers of "Rob Roy" that on a certain Sunday afternoon—an afternoon of ineffable boredom—Sir Hildebrand Osbaldiston's sons disperse "to the pastimes to which their minds severally inclined them,"—Percle to discuss a pot of March beer with the steward, Thorncliff to cut a pair of cudgels, John to dress May-flies, Dickon to play at pitch-and-toss by himself, and Wilfrid to bite his thumbs and hum himself into a slumber,—while the good knight himself, after a passage at arms with that arch dissembler Rashleigh, whom he both fears and distrusts, abruptly exclaims: "Have a care, thou provena too cunning for thyself—two faces under one hood is no true heraldry. And since we talk of heraldry, I'll go and read Guillim." The modern country squire has probably never heard of "Guillim," much less read that classical volume; and if by chance he unearthed it from the dusty shelves of his neglected library, the perusal of a few pages would make him end as Sir Hildebrand began, "with a yawn resistless as that of the goddess in the Dunciad." And yet to minds of a certain bent there is much that is interesting and attractive in the "Display of Heraldry by John Guillim"—for choice, the fifth edition, dedicated "to the most august and dread sovereign, Charles II.," and "interlaced with much variety of history." All students of the Science of Arms owe a

debt of gratitude to Guillim, for his was the first attempt to systematize and illustrate the subject, and his work stands in much the same relation to Heraldry as Grimod de la Regnière's immortal treatise does to the master-science of cookery. No one goes for a recipe to the one or for a coat of arms to the other. Yet each of them is in its way a classical work, full of sententious maxims and quaint illustrations, and in Guillim's case deeply tinged with symbolism. It was as if the herald had the key to unlock the secret book of Nature, and to him only was revealed the hidden meaning of all things in heaven and earth. Each armorial bearing had its peculiar significance, not only the lion and the eagle, but the baser kind of reptiles—the scorpion and the cockatrice,—and this not only in the case of animate objects, but of flowers, metals, implements of war, and so forth; but even terrestrial bodies do not suffice him, for, as Fuller says, "he mounteth to the verie skies about Stars (but here we must call them *estoiles*) and Planets, their use and influence."

Of recent years, Heraldry, which was regarded by our ancestors as a necessary part of a liberal education, has fallen into neglect and disrepute. It has been described as the science of fools with long memories, or as an eccentric collection of monstrous symbols described in a barbarous jargon. And

yet to the student of mediæval history or architecture some knowledge of it is absolutely indispensable. Go where we will, armorial bearings in one form or another confront us at every turn. Not only are they conspicuous on family plate and the panels of carriages, as well as in our palaces and cathedrals, —in the Houses of Parliament, in Westminster Abbey, and in St. George's Chapel,—but there is scarcely a country church which has not its monuments or brasses of knights and ladies with their coats of arms sculptured or engraved, telling their own tale of the family of those who repose below. Heraldry, in fact, is "history in hieroglyphics,"—or better, perhaps (as Mr. Planché calls it), history in shorthand—easily deciphered by those who care to read. In Gothic architecture especially, heraldic emblems and symbols are pregnant with memories of the past. Take, for instance, the arms of some of the Cambridge colleges, and we have the whole story of their foundation. King's has the lilies granted by Henry VI.; Queen's has the arms of Margaret of Anjou, with half the kingdoms of Europe blazoned on the shield. Christ's and John's have the Beaufort arms of Henry VII.'s mother—"the Lady Margaret,"—and Trinity has the Tudor rose and lion of Henry VIII. Gray's famous lines irresistibly occur to one, and indeed serve as a *memoria technica*:—

Anjou's proud heroine and the paler
rose,
The rival of her kingdom and her woes,
And either Henry there,—
The martyred Saint, and the majestic
lord
Who broke the bonds of Rome.

It is not proposed in these pages to

¹ Another work on Heraldry on a large scale, by Mr. Fox-Davies, is now in the press, and will probably appear this month.

² The "mullet" is the rovel of a spur, and has five points. The star ("etoile") has six.

do more than give a few illustrations of the historical side of heraldry. Those who wish to study the science in detail will find no lack of excellent manuals,—Boutell, Barrington, and Planché—to say nothing of the sumptuous volumes in which Dr. Woodward of Montrose has exhaustively treated British and Foreign Heraldry, ecclesiastical as well as secular.¹

The oldest form of "charges" on a shield was by simple lines, known as "honorable ordinaries"—a bar, a bend, a cross, a chevron, and so forth, possibly derived from portions of the warrior's dress, such as the scarf or the sword-belt. Hence it follows that the most ancient coats of arms are invariably the simplest. The shield of the Hohenzollerns is merely four quarters of *argent* and *sable*,—the black and white, so conspicuous on the sentry-boxes of Berlin. The De Veres—the most illustrious family in England, if not in Europe—bore a shield "quarterly *gules* and *or*, with a *mullet argent* in the first quarter."² The great house of Neville were content with a plain St. Andrew's cross—

The silver *saltire* upon martial red.³

The original shield of the De Valence was plain bars of blue and silver. The family of Marmion (the ancient champions of England) bore "*vair*, a *fess* (thick band) *gules*," and the Tichbornes "*vair*, a chief *or*." It may be explained that *vair* was the bluish fur of a squirrel used for lining cloaks, and in much favor with heralds. Cinderella's slipper was of fur (*vair*), which in the course of time got perverted into glass (*verre*).

Simple as these ancient coats of armor undoubtedly were, the right to

³ The "*saltire-saultoir*"—the gate to a deer-park, and it is suggested that the Nevilles bore this cognizance as being Wardens of the royal forests.

bear them was jealously guarded by their owners; and one of the most famous lawsuits in history was that of Scrope and Grosvenor,—both claiming the right to bear a "*bend or*"—a golden bar passing diagonally across the shield,—associated in our times with the name of a famous racehorse. This trial took place towards the end of the fourteenth century before the High Court of Chivalry. It lasted five years, and the record of the proceedings fills two large folio volumes. Four hundred witnesses were examined, including the most famous names in the history of the time—John of Gaunt, Owen Glendower, Harry Percy ("Hotspur"), and Geoffrey Chaucer the poet. All the northern squires—Stanleys, Breretons, Traffords, Holfords—appeared to support the Cheshire knight, but Sir Richard Scrope's personal influence was too strong. He was a great soldier and statesman, had fought at Cressy and Najarra, had been twice Lord Chancellor, and was the intimate friend and companion of the Black Prince. It was generally proved by the evidence of numberless witnesses as well as by deeds and charters, by the blazoning on tombs and cathedral windows, that both families had used the *bend or* since the Conquest, but the verdict of the court was in favor of Sir Richard Scrope. One thing, however, was undoubtedly proved—the antiquity of the Duke of Westminster's family, even if we are sceptical as to the origin of the name of Grosvenor—*le Gros Veneur*—the Grand Huntsman of the Norman kings,—an office denoted in their crest of a "talbot" or dog of the chase.

Next in importance to the "ordinaries" come the animals; and of these the lion is naturally the favorite charge, but the lion of the herald is not the glorified cat of the menagerie or the somnolent animal that guards the fountains in Trafalgar Square, but rather "the ramping and roaring lion" of the

Psalmist—the incarnation of strength and ferocity—with gaping jaws, and a lean elongated body and huge projecting claws that tear the air. Pre-eminent among "the beasts of rapine," he has been naturally selected as the symbol of martial valor and kingly dignity, from the lion of Judah to the winged lion of Venice. But for two centuries after his appearance in the shield of Richard Cœur de Lion he was mis-called a leopard by English and French heralds alike. The Black Prince in his will speaks of his "leopard helm," and there was actually a "Leopard Herald" in the reign of Henry V. The reason for this was that the lion's normal position was supposed to be *rampant*, and a lion *passant gardant*—with his full face turned to the spectator—was a *lion leopardé*, "wherein," says Guillim, "they offer great indignity to that rolall beast, in that they will not admit him to show his full face, the sight whereof doth terrify and astonish all the beasts of the field." Naturally enough the lion was the favorite cognizance of the noblest families,—especially among the Anglo-Norman laity,—the figures on the shields of the Mowbrays, Arundels, Percies, Talbots, and Greys in every color and every position.

If the lion has been the favorite cognizance of kings, the eagle has no less been the immemorial symbol of Imperialism. The bird of Jove figured on the coins and standards of ancient Rome—

Signum letiale cohortis

Regia fulget avis;

and this ensign subsequently passed, like a historical hierloom, to the Holy Roman Empire. The eagle is enamelled on the sword of Charlemagne, still preserved in the Royal Treasury at Vienna, and was borne not only by the head of the Empire, but by the princes, counts, and margraves of the various provinces. The arms of the unhappy

kingdom of Poland, dating back to 1255, are "*gules, an eagle displayed argent, crowned or.*" Brandenburg, Westphalia, Moravia, Silesia, all bear the eagle on their shields; while the arms of Austria are displayed on the breast of the great double-headed eagle, with wings and tail spread out to their fullest extent. The two heads signify the double sovereignty of the Emperors of the East and West conjoined in the same person; and the eagle itself "was not one eagle with two heads but two eagles, laid one above the other with their heads looking different ways, East and West."⁴ The German empire is satisfied with a single eagle, bearing on its breast the arms of Prussia with the Hohenzollern escutcheon; but Russia has a double eagle of truculent and portentous aspect—with extended necks and huge red claws stretching out on either side, as if eager to grasp and rend its prey. When the first Napoleon adopted "Cæsar's eagle shield," he chose an eagle just ready to soar into the air—*ministerium fulminis alitem*—grasping the thunderbolt in either claw. Guillim has much to tell us about the eagle—its swiftness, its powers of vision, and its care, for its young:—

It is storied that the old eagles make a proof of their young by exposing them against the sunbeams, and such as cannot speedily behold that brightness are cast forth as unworthy to be their offspring. In which respect, William Rufus, King of this land, gave for his device an eagle looking against the sun, with the word *perfero*, I can endure it, to signify he was in no whit degenerate from his puissant father, the Conqueror.

The eagle is common enough in English Heraldry, and among other places it appears in the arms of Queen's College, Oxford, which was founded by

⁴ "Woodward's Heraldry," vol. I. p. 260; quoted from Nisbet, who in turn quotes from the great French authority Menestrier.

Eaglesfield, Queen Philippa's chaplain. On the eagle which serves as a lectern in the college chapel is the felicitous inscription, "*Regina avium, avis Regimensium*"—"The Queen of Birds, the Bird of Queens."

Among other familiar "charges" are the falcon and the raven, the swan and the heron, the "Peacock in his Pride" and the "Pelican in her Piety," where she is represented as "vulning herself"—i. e., drawing blood from her breast to feed her young one. It is the appropriate crest of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and also of the ancient family of Lechmere, with the motto "*Christus Pelicano*"—an obvious allegorical allusion to the Passion of our Lord. The raven is naturally borne by the family of Corbet—a good instance of "*canting arms*" or *armes parlantes*, so common in early times, when—if there was a charge at all upon a shield—it generally alluded to the name or profession of the wearer—such as the swallows (*hirondelles*) of the Arundels, the Cross Moline of Molyneux, or the bulls' heads of the Boleyns. Guillim says the raven is "a clamorous and fraudulent bird,"—as well as suspicious—"for it will not feed its young till it sees what color they be of. Meantime they live on heavenly dew." The crane is also represented—holding in one claw a stone called its "*vigilance*," from the idea that the noise of its fall would waken the bird if it fell asleep. But the most popular of all is the martlet or merlette—probably the house-martin, whose wings are so closely pressed to its sides that, according to the well-known line in Butler,

The herald's martlet hath no legs.

It is one of those "differences" which mark the fourth son of a family, because, says Guillim, "that creature [the martlet] seldom alights on the land, and younger brothers usually have little

land to rest on." An *orle* (border) or martlets appears on the shield of Aymer de Valence (Edward I.'s cousin), whose tomb is one of the glories of Westminster Abbey, and who was conspicuous among the brilliant throng of knights present at the siege of Caerlaverock Castle in 1300:—

Belle banière i fut baillans,
De argent et de azure burlée,
O la bordure poralée
Tout entour de rouges merolos.*

If the chroniclers are to be believed, Aymer de Valence (created Earl of Pembroke) was as ruthless as he was brave; and his tragic death in France at a tournament not long after his third marriage was regarded both by Scots and English as a judgment on him for consenting to the death of Nigel Bruce and the saintly Earl of Lancaster. His widow (Gray's "sad Chatillon") founded Pembroke College, Cambridge, where the martlets, borne by her husband, are still conspicuous on the college arms.

A fabulous bird, called an *allerion*—somewhat resembling a martlet, but which is said to be an eagle without beak or claws,—is borne by the family of Montmorency, and also by the house of Lorraine, who trace their descent from Godfrey de Bouillon. Camden tells us that this warrior "at one draught of his bow, shooting against David's tower in Jerusalem, broched three feetless birds, called allerions, upon his arrow," and subsequently assumed them in his arms. But in this instance, as Mr. Planché remarks, it is probably the chronicler who drew the long bow, and not Godfrey de Bouillon!

The most interesting class of charges, from a historical point of view, are "Augmentations"—i. e., additions made

* "Beautiful was the banner that shone there, with its bars of silver and blue, and with a border of red martlets all round the edges."

by the sovereign to the original arms as marks of honor for some public or personal service. Some of these, such as the crowned heart of the Douglasses and the famous star of the De Veres, are familiar enough to every student of history. The Kirkpatricks still bear the dagger with the motto "Mak siccar," adopted by their ancestor who slew the Red Comyn in the Gray Friars' Church at Dumfries; and the descendants of Sir Reginald Bray (if there be any) might use for their crest the "crown in the hawthorn-bush," borne by him in allusion to his having found the crown which had fallen from Richard III.'s helmet and was placed on Henry VII.'s head on Bosworth Field. The Dukes of Norfolk bear the Scottish lion on an escutcheon with his mouth pierced by an arrow, in memory of the Earl of Surrey's victory at Flodden. Sir John Ramsey added to his coat a sword piercing a human heart, as a reward for stabbing Ruthven and saving James VI.'s life in the mysterious Gowrie Plot. Scottish augmentations are usually connected with some personal service to "one of the earlier kings," whose mythical portraits line the long gallery at Holyrood—Alexander I. or Malcolm II. for preference,—when, like that discreetest of squires, Quentin Durward, they slay the wolf or the boar and save the monarch's life. The Cunninghams, the Armstrongs, the Scrymgeours, the Seatons, the Keiths, and the Bairs all commemorate in their crests or coats of arms family legends of this kind, which are probably as much founded on fact as the story which, according to the late Lord Malmesbury, Anthony Trollope, when a boy at Harrow, used to tell of his family pedigree:

Tallyhosler, the Norman, came over to England with William the Conqueror, and being out hunting one day with his Majesty in the New Forest, happened to kill three wolves, and *trois*

being French for "three," *loup* French for "wolves," he was called *Trois-loup*, which with many changes and corruptions during countless centuries became *Trollope*.^a

The "augmentations" granted to successful soldiers and sailors in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are usually conspicuous for their bad taste and preposterous heraldry. Nelson's coat of arms is an absurd compound of bomb-shells, palm-trees, disabled ships, and ruined batteries. Sir Sidney Smith's arms are equally bizarre and undignified. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's two crescents and a fleur-de-lis are simple and expressive; and the same may be said of the St. George's cross, with the arms of France in the centre, which appears on the arms of the Duke of Marlborough, and the Union flag in the "point of honor" of the Duke of Wellington's shield, who quarters the arms of Wellesley and Colley. Marshal Blucher's arms are a medley of the Prussian eagle, a sword, a field marshal's baton, a laurel wreath, and an iron cross; the last-named object also appears in Moltke's coat with a gold "W" (Wilhelm) on it. Bismarck wisely kept his family arms (a trefoil and oak-leaves) intact, but added as supporters a black and a red eagle, bearing the banners of Alsace and Lorraine; though, as he characteristically said, he would have preferred the names of Schleswig and Holstein, as they were the finest fruits of his unscrupulous diplomacy.

But peace has her victories as well as war, and the motto "*ferro non gladio*," as well as the supporters, two Vulcans, of the Guests, the great ironmasters of Glamorganshire, seem appropriate enough. Sir Henry Hallford, George IV.'s physician, was granted a silver rose on his shield as well as a staff entwined by serpents, the emblem of Æsculapius, the god of

medicine, and the *caduceus* of the College of Surgeons. Sir William Gull was granted for his service to the (then) Prince of Wales in 1871 a "canton" charged with an ostrich feather and the motto "*Sine Deo frustra*." As a contrast to these well-deserved "augmentations" we may quote the armorial bearings given by Queen Elizabeth to that famous explorer and freebooter, Sir John Hawkins, "a demi-negro, proper, manacled with a rope," to commemorate his exertions in promoting the slave-trade! The descendants of Howell, one of the few survivors of the Black Hole of Calcutta, who wrote an account of that ghastly tragedy, bear a death's head on a black *canton* in the corner of the shield.

Of common "charges" it may be said briefly that there is nothing animate or inanimate in the heavens above or in the earth beneath that may not constitute an heraldic "charge"—i. e., may not be represented on the shield. Figures of saints are not uncommon among families who bear their names, such as St. George, St. Martin, or St. Paul; a German family, named Teufel, naturally enough has a red devil on a gold shield; and "the family of Adam in Bavaria improve on sacred History by eliminating Eve and by representing Adam as holding the apple in one hand and the serpent wriggling in the other."

In the middle ages, and in the golden times of Chivalry, warlike emblems were of course the most numerous,—above all, the sword itself, either singly or in groups of three. It appears in the arms of the City of London, where it does not (as is commonly supposed) represent the dagger with which the Lord Mayor, Sir William Walworth, stabbed Wat Tyler, but is the emblem of St. Paul, the patron saint of the City. The arms of the See of London are two swords crossed. The two familiar red

^a "Memoirs of an Ex-Minister," vol. i. p. 224.

[†] "Woodward's Heraldry," vol. i. p. 208.

swords on Dresden china are the arms of the Kings of Saxony. Among other weapons, borne as charges, we find the skene (dagger), the Lochaber or Danish battle-axe, pheons—*i. e.*, the barbed head of a spear (the broad arrow of the Customs House)—swepes (mangonels), gauntlets, spurs, and caltraps—*i. e.*, cheval-traps—those wicked little spiked balls which Bruce used with such effect to lame the English cavalry at Bannockburn, and one of which (it may be remembered) sorely inconvenienced the Antiquary's friend, Dr. Heavistern, who chanced to sit down on it.

To the Crusades we owe many familiar devices on coat armor—such as the water-bouget, a double leather water-bottle, so necessary in Eastern warfare; the bezant, a Byzantine coin, as familiar to pilgrims as pieces-of-eight were to sailors on the Spanish Main; Saracens' heads, a common device especially among Hungarian potentates,—a souvenir, in fact, of their long struggle with the Turks. The Austrian princes of Schwarzenburg have as one of their quarterings a raven, with a gold collar, perched on the head of a dead Turk and picking out his eyes! The Morisons in Fifeshire have an equally curious device—"three Saracens' heads conjoined in one neck"—called in French heraldry "*tête de Gêrion*."

But naturally the most popular charge of all in the age of Chivalry was the Cross itself, and no less than 385 varieties of this symbol are enumerated in Berry's "*Encyclopædia Heraldica*." Heraldry seem to have exhausted their ingenuity in inventing new forms and shapes for this favorite emblem, and among the most graceful in design is the *cross patonce*, with floriated ends, which appears between five martlets on the arms attributed to Edward the Confessor, and borne at present by the City of Westminster. It was for assuming these arms that the unfortunate Earl of Surrey was be-

headed in Henry VIII.'s reign, although they had undoubtedly been granted as an "augmentation" to his ancestors by Richard II. The "arms of Jerusalem" were a cross-potent—*i. e.*, with ends like a crutch—between four crosslets of gold on a silver field—a violation of the well-known law which forbids metal upon metal, but justified by the feeling that only precious metals could be used in blazoning the arms of the holiest of cities. The arms of the See of Lichfield are the cross of St. Chad—*i. e.*, a cross-potent quadrangle of red and silver—and are extremely effective in design; so, too, are those of the See of Australia, the four stars which make the Southern Cross, but more regularly disposed than in the actual constellation. And it may be noticed here that the arms of the older bishoprics, unlike those of the modern colonial sees, are simple and dignified in character—the cross, the saltire, the keys, the sword, and the mitre are the well-known symbols which predominate. The arms of the See of Chichester are, however, an exception to this rule. Originally, as appears from an ancient seal, they represented Our Blessed Lord in Glory, seated on a throne, with His Hand raised in benediction and with a two-edged sword issuing from His mouth. But in modern times, by what Dr. Woodward calls "a perversion almost unique in its absurdity," instead of the Lord of Life and Glory, as described in the Revelation, we have the figure of Prester John—the mystical king of a Christian tribe in Tartary—seated on a tombstone, with a sword passed through his mouth.⁹ When and how this astounding change was effected from the holiest of emblems to the bizarre figure described by Mandeville and Marco Polo, Dr. Woodward does not say.

Volumes have been written on the

⁹ "Woodward's *Ecclesiastical Heraldry*," p. 178.

origin of the Fleur-de-Lis, one of the commonest as well as the most graceful of heraldic charges. It was of universal prevalence in the middle ages, not only on coats of arms but on the encaustic pavement of churches, in the diaper-work of shields, on the borders of coronets, on the heads of sceptres, and on the pommels of swords; but of course it is chiefly associated with the royal standard of France. It is difficult to see (as Dr. Woodward observes) why, at a time when every prince and potentate of Europe was choosing a lion or an eagle as the symbol of his kingly dignity, France alone should have selected a simple flower of the field. The popular tradition is that, on the occasion of the baptism of Clovis, the Blessed Virgin sent an angel from heaven bearing a lily to the king. Certainly it is a fact that at the Council of Trent the French bishops claimed precedence for their sovereign on the ground of his having received the sacred fleur-de-lis direct from heaven. In any case it was a national emblem from time immemorial, though it took its first definite heraldic shape on the great seals of Philip Augustus and St. Louis. The original coat of arms was *semé* (powdered) with fleurs-de-lis; but Charles V. reduced the number to three,—“pour symbolizer la Sainte Trinité,”—and this is the number borne by the English kings, who had quartered the arms of France, from the time of Henry V. till the year 1801. Indeed this flower is almost as familiar on English as on French soil. It appears, for instance, on the north point of the mariner's compass, having been placed there by its inventor, Flavio Gioja, in honor of his patron Charles II. of Anjou, King of Naples. It also figures in the arms of Eton College granted by Henry VI., along with the lion of England and three garden lilies in the chief—i. e., upper part of the shield. It was frequently given as a

special mark of royal favor; and above all it is conspicuous in the arms of Scotland, where “the ruddy lion ramps in gold” amidst a tressure *fleury* and *counter-fleury*—i. e., with fleurs-de-lis springing from both sides. This tressure was said to have been granted by Charlemagne to King Achalus, and to symbolize the old alliance between France and Scotland. It gave some color to the theory that the fleur-de-lis was not the iris at all, but a spear's head; for assuredly a ring of spears would be a more effectual defence than a circlet of lilies.

Of the fabulous monsters which appear so often as crests and supporters of coats of arms, the dragon is undoubtedly the most ancient if not the most important. It was said to have been the standard of King Arthur himself:—

The Dragon of the great Pendragon-
ship,
That crowned the state pavilion of the
King.

It was certainly borne in the banners of the Saxon kings, and figures above Harold's head in the Bayeux tapestry. It appears also on the great seal of Owen Glendower, and supported the arms of the Tudor kings. But as a “charge” in a coat of arms it has been quite superseded by its first cousin, the griffin. This monster, which has the head and wings of an eagle and the body of a lion, and is supposed to combine the strength and valor of both, can lay claim to an extremely ancient origin; for golden griffins were discovered by Dr. Schliemann among the buried treasures of Mycenæ, and are supposed to have come from India in the retinue of Dionysus. Till quite late in the middle ages griffins were believed to have a real existence. Their claws were kept in the treasury at Bayeux and displayed on the high altar on great occasions; and griffins' eggs

(probably those of an ostrich, or merely cocoa-nuts) were regarded as a rarity of the highest value.

The *unicorn* is undoubtedly the most graceful and picturesque of these fabulous creatures, and was used as a supporter of the ancient arms of Scotland long before the Union. The horn, which was perhaps originally the spike fixed to the headpiece of a war-horse, was the symbol of strength and an antidote against poison,—“insomuch,” says Gullim, “that the general conceit is that the wild beasts of the wilderness used not to drink of the pools, for fear of venomous serpents there breeding, until the *Unicorne* hath stirred it with his horn.”

The *mermaid*—generally represented with a mirror in one hand and a comb in the other—is a favorite charge, especially in Scotland; and Sir Walter Scott (when created a baronet) used it as the dexter supporter of his shield. In foreign Heraldry the mermaid is known as a siren, and is borne by the princes of the house of Lusignan in memory of the fairy Melusina, and her romantic marriage to one of the family.*

Assuredly, no one would care to put his hand into the nest of the *cockatrice* as depicted by the mediæval herald—an awesome beast, a griffin with a cock’s head—“called in Latin,” says Gullim, “*Regulus*, for he seemeth to be a little king among serpents not in regard of his quantity but in respect of the infection of his pestiferous breath and poysonfull aspect.”

The *Crest* was always held to be an important accessory to a coat of arms—an emblem of dignity and honor—usually differing from the charge in the shield itself, and often referring to some personal achievement or some striking event in the family history. Thus “a most ancient and distinguished

bearing” (as Sir Walter Scott calls it) is that of the Earls of Derby—an eagle feeding a swaddled infant in its nest, called in the north the bird and the bantling—in allusion to the foundling discovered in the eagle’s nest—the real (or adopted) heir of the house of Lathom. The Duke of Leinster’s crest is a chained monkey, referring to the story of the ape who carried off the heir of the Fitzgeralds from his cradle to the house-top. More singular still was the crest of the Dudleys of Clopton—a woman’s bust, hair dishevelled, bosom bare, a helmet on her head—in memory of Agnes Hotot, that vallant heiress who donned her father’s armor, overcame his foe in single combat, and saved the estates. A grimmer reminiscence of the past is the crest of Lloyd of Plymod—“a dead Englishman’s head, couped and bearded, proper,” which probably dates from the time of Llewellyn and the “ruthless king.” Among the early Scottish crests the Wardens of the Marches bore a horse’s head bridled, or a spur between a pair of wings—both devices being highly significant of the constant watch and ward kept up along the Border, when the men-at-arms slept beside their horses, and, like the knights of Branksome,

Carved at the meal
With gloves of steel
And they drank the red wine through
the helmet barred.

The crest was originally some simple and striking object; large and imposing in aspect, as may be seen from the few extant examples, and such as could be easily distinguished at a distance, and, like Henry of Navarre’s white plume, might serve as a guide and rallying-point on the battlefield. The lion and the falcon, the boar’s head

*The arms are “une sirene posee dans une cove” (tub). Melusina is the heroine of a story

by Hans Anderson and a poem by Matthew Arnold

“Gullim,” p. 175.

and the ostrich feathers, served this purpose admirably. They were carved and painted in bold conventional lines, and there could be no possible mistake about the nature of the cognizance or the identity of the wearer. The crests of the more distinguished knights were familiar to friend and foe alike. When the Lady Isabelle on her adventurous flight from Liège with Quentin Durward sees a body of lances advancing under a knight's pennon, she is at once relieved of her anxieties. "It is the banner of the Count of Crèvecœur. I know the cloven heart which it displays." Again, when the minstrel gazes from Loch Achray towards Bénédict, and sees the sunlight glancing on the helms of the chieftains, he at once recognizes his enemies:—

I see the dagger crest of Mar,
I see the Murray's silver star
Blaze o'er the ranks of Saxon war.

So, too, Eustace and the Lady Clare have no difficulty in distinguishing the varying fortunes of the battle from the cognizances of the principal actors:—

Amid the scene of tumult high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly;
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright.
Still bear them bravely in the fight."

But the heralds of modern times have departed from the stern simplicity of design which marked the arms and crests of our forefathers. They have adopted what would be called in architecture the flamboyant style or a rococo type in decoration. Landscapes, thunderstorms, shipwrecks, cities rising from the waves, and palm-clad islets (as in the arms of Cortez and Columbus)—a forty-feet reflecting telescope (Sir John Herschell) or the Falls of Niagara (the see of that name),

—such are a few of the pictorial vagaries of modern Heraldry. Crests have been equally vulgarized. Instead of the solitary figure of the lion or the eagle dominating the helmet, plain for all men to see, and full of force and vitality, a variety of complicated and preposterous devices has been introduced which could under no circumstances have been worn above a mediæval helmet. The *nouveaux riches*, as well as the ennobled soldiers and sailors, are apparently determined to get their full money's worth from the College of Arms. Thus the crest of Lea (Bart. in 1892) bears an antelope behind three spear-heads; Lord Rendell has a "staff raguly" with a wolf carrying a banner on it; Lord Addington supports his crest with Roman fasces; an *épergne* figures as the crest of one of the numerous family of Smith; but the abysmal depths of realism have probably been reached in the case of a newly "arrived" family, who bear for a crest "a corrugated boiler-plate, fess-ways"—i. e., set up on end.

Badges—which are quite distinct from crests—were in high favor both with sovereigns and the great nobles from Edward I.'s reign until Queen Elizabeth. They were borne by the retainers and men-at-arms of the feudal household, were embroidered on robes, woven upon tapestry and coverlets, and sculptured upon tombs and above fireplaces. The old ballads are full of allusions to the silver crescents of the Percies,¹¹ the dun bull of the Nevilles, and the greyhounds of the house of York. The last-named still survive in the official garb of heralds and on the badge of the King's messengers. The badge was also largely used for decorative purposes to fill up the space round a coat of arms. On the famous gateway of St. John's College,

¹¹ The crescent is a favorite device in Heraldry and the well-known symbol of the Turkish Empire, being (according to Dr. Schlegelmann) a

direct inheritance, from the mythical foundress of Byzantium, Kerosassa, daughter of the moon:—"Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns."

Cambridge, there may be seen sculptured in high relief the portcullis of the Beauforts, the rose of the Tudors, and the daisies which were the emblem of the foundress, the Lady Margaret. On Richard II.'s tomb in Westminster Abbey, where the king is buried beside his wife, Anne of Bohemia, is a profusion of heraldic ornaments, crests, and badges, now obscured by the dust of centuries—the ostrich feathers, and lions of Bohemia, the eagles of the Empire, the leopards of England, the peacocks of the Plantagenets, and the sun rising through the black clouds of Crecy."¹³ Other badges, such as the sprig of broom worn by the Plantagenets and the ostrich feathers adopted by the Black Prince, are familiar to us from childhood, and the White Hart of Richard II. is almost as well known. The origin of the badge was supposed to be a stag caught in Windsor Forest with a gold collar inscribed "*Nemo me tangat, Cæsaris sum.*" The well-known signs of inns perpetuate the memory of this as well as of other badges worn by our kings,—such as the Swan of Henry IV., the Bristled Boar of Richard III., and the Chequers (alternate squares of blue and silver) of the Earls of Warren, who were said to have held a monopoly of beer licenses. The sign of the famous inn at Cumnor—"the Rampant Bear chained to the Ragged Staff"—was really two distinct badges united by the Earl of Warwick (the Dudley of Kenilworth, in whose favor the title was revived) in allusion to his remote ancestor Sir Artegall, one of King Arthur's knights, whose name in Welsh was Arth or Urso. Some of these badges had a mystical meaning—often very far-fetched. The famous salamanders of Francis I., which are carved in such profusion on his castles at Blois and Chambord, with the motto "*Nutrisco et extinguo,*" were typical of

the courage which the fire of adversity is powerless to consume. The badge of the Emperor Charles V. was an eagle chained to the Pillars of Hercules—the limits of his empire—with the motto "*Ne plus ultra*"; but after the discovery of America the *ne* was struck out. His son, Phillip II. of Spain, bore an equally significant device—Belierophon slaying the sea-monster—with the motto "*Hinc vigilo,*" implying that he was only waiting for his opportunity to extirpate the monstrous heresy of England.

Badges passed out of use and fashion in James I.'s reign, and the only ones in vogue at the present time (if we except the Pelham buckle and the Stafford knot) are the national emblems of the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock or trefoil. The Rose has been a favorite flower with English sovereigns since the days of Edward I. The famous Red Roses—the badge of the house of Lancaster—"flores inscripti nomina regum"—were brought by the first Earl from Provins (not Provence, according to Dean Stanley), where they had been planted by the Crusaders on their way back from Palestine. The White Rose of York is said to have come to the family through the Cliffords, who wore the flower in memory of Fair Rosamund. The Tudor rose of Henry VIII. may still be seen in the hats of the Yeomen of the Guard at the Tower.

The Thistle first appears as a national emblem on a groat in James III.'s reign (1460), and in an inventory of his wardrobe there is an entry of a coverlet "*of variand purper tarter browden with thrisselis.*" There is also a picture preserved at Holyrood of this monarch and his queen, Margaret of Denmark (probably painted by Mabuse), where the tapestry behind the kneeling figure is powdered with thistles. The legend connecting the Thistle with King Achaius is a pure myth; and the same may be said of the well-known story of

¹³ "Stanley's Memorials of Westminster," p. 143.

a bare-footed Dane treading on a thistle at the battle of Largs (or the moat at Slains Castle), and uttering an involuntary cry of pain which gave the alarm to his enemies and saved the day for Scotland.

The mottoes, which are the necessary adjunct of a coat of arms, are in most instances commonplace truisms or sentimental maxims which appear to have been taken hap-hazard from the Latin Grammar or the headings of the nearest copy-book. They even descend to some punning reference to the surname of the bearer, as in the "*Ver non semper viret*" of the Vernons and the "*Ne vile velis*" of the Nevilles, or the "*Forte scutum salus ducum*," of the Fortescues, borne in allusion to their ancestor Sir Richard Forte, who protected his chief with his shield at Hastings. Sometimes they are appropriate and sometimes the reverse. The motto of the Cavendishes, "*Cavendo tutus*," applies to the present Duke of Devonshire; but that of the Drummonds, Earls of Perth,—"Gang warily,"—is singularly unsuitable to a family that lost their estates in the '45. Occasionally, however, these mottoes strike a higher note. Lord Kimberley's motto, "*Frappe fort, Agincourt*," recalls the prowess of his illustrious ancestor Sir John Wodehouse at that famous battle; and that of Dakyus, "*Strike, Dakyus, the devil is in the hemp!*" is stirring, if not explicit. As a pendant to the Wodehouse motto may be mentioned the proud device of the Chateaubriand family, who bear the royal fleur-de-lis of France, which was granted to their ancestor by St. Louis after the battle at Mansourah in 1250, with the motto "*Mon sang teint les bannières de France*." The motto of the Montmorencies asserts their claim to be the oldest family in Christendom,—"Dieu aide au Premier Chrétien." The "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" of the Order of the Thistle is full of significance; and

so too is the motto which the Mackintoshes bear along with their crest, a ferocious wild cat—the ancient cognizance of the Clan Chattan—"Touch not the cat but with a glove." The Duke of Athol's motto, again, which must have puzzled many of the Clan Murray, refers to a time when his ancestors harried the Saxon to some good purpose. "*Furth [forth], Fortune, and fill the fetters*," which might have been addressed by the chieftain to his clansmen or by the laird to his son—"Go forth, good luck be with you, and fill the byres with cattle"—*i. e.*, Make your fortune in the south. (The *fetters* were the bars of the cow-pens.)

Again, the motto of the Marischal College at Aberdeen has probably mystified many Aberdonians. It runs thus in old Scottish:—

They saye:
Qubath say they:
Latt them saye.

This motto was placed there by George Keith, fifth Earl Marischal, a great diplomatist and statesman, and the richest and most powerful Scottish nobleman of the sixteenth century. So extensive were his estates that it was said (probably with some exaggeration) that he could cross the Border at Berwick and travel to John-o'-Groat's without ever eating a meal or taking a night's rest off his own lands. In an evil hour for himself and his family he had added the temporalities of the Cistercian Abbey of Deir to his already vast possessions, and this in spite of public disapproval and of the warnings of his own wife. Like Pilate's wife, she had suffered many things from a dream in which the monks of Deir appeared to hack away the foundations of Dunnottar Castle (the seat of the Keiths in Kincardineshire) with their penknives until the majestic fabric toppled over and sank in the waters.¹³ But

¹³ The Scottish Regalia was hidden at Dunnottar.

the earl, in defiance of all warnings and public clamor, annexed the abbey and placed the haughty inscription we have mentioned on one of the towers of Dunnotar as well as on the magnificent college which still bears his name. But in little more than a century (after the Rebellion of 1715) his castle was in ruins, the family estates were confiscated, and his descendants were exiles. The two last Earls Marischal died in the service of Frederic the Great of Prussia. A pendant to the haughty motto of the Earls Marischal is the inscription on the Castle of St. Malo, which Anne of Brittany erected in de-

Blackwood's Magazine.

fiance of the townspeople: "Qui qu'en grogne; ainsi sera; c'est mon plaisir."

We may conclude this somewhat lengthy list of historical illustrations with the melancholy motto of the Courtenays,—one of the most illustrious families in Europe,—so eloquent of their undeserved misfortunes: "Ubi lapsus? Quid feci?"—"Whither have I fallen? What have I done?" Three Earls perished on the scaffold during the Wars of the Roses; a fourth was beheaded by Henry VIII.; and his son, the last direct heir of his race, died in poverty and in exile.

CLASSICAL AND MODERN LITERATURE.

The good old English principle that classics should be the basis of a liberal education is one to which we heartily assent and which we grieve to see impugned, as it often is of late. But from one point of view the great authors of antiquity have suffered from being made school-books, and from having been forced on the young who have not yet attained the years that bring the critical—not to speak of the philosophic—mind. Byron gives expression to a feeling which is almost universal among boys, and which often survives boyhood, when in a fit of half-laughing spleen, he writes—

Now, farewell, Horace, whom I hated
so,
Not for thy faults but mine.

Any one who has been much engaged in examining cannot fail to have observed that the average school-boy suspects a rendering which seems to him

tar Castle during the Civil War in 1652—"the last strong place in Britain on which the royal flag floated." Thence it was secretly carried

too natural and sensible. He is accustomed to think of the Greek and Latin writers as dealing mainly in what he would call "rot." It is true that such a view was more likely to present itself to the youthful mind a generation ago, when great scholars—like Hamlet's statisticians, who thought it "a baseness to write fair"—despised the art of translation and presented the great thoughts of the ancients in the vile attire of modern journalese. The late Mr. Paley put into the mouth of the Awful Goddesses (*Æsch. Eum.* 154) "there is present for me to feel the severe, the very severe, chill (smart) of a hostile public executioner"; and the same excellent scholar admonishes us on *Choëph.* 175 that it matters little whether we translate "heart-surge of bile" or "bile-surge of heart." The recent and very striking reform in the art of translating, due mainly to Professor Jebb, will do much to mitigate the contempt of the school-

off and buried in the church of Kinross. (See an interesting letter from Walter Scott to Croker, February 1818.)

boy for the ancient poets, but it will be hard to convince them that there is not a great gulf fixed between ancient and modern literature. Even editors shrink from what seems to them to be too modern a point of view. Tennyson finely wrote in the "Eagle" fragment—

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls.

The same picturesque epithet is applied to the sea by Æschylus in the *Agamemnon* (1408) by the consent of the MSS., but the editors from Stanley to the last editor in the Clarendon Press series give the colorless *ἐντῆς* "flowing," and regard the picturesque *ῥυτίς* "wrinkled" as an obvious error of the copyists. The difference in quantity in the first syllable of the two words gives no reason for believing that the vigorous epithet is spurious; why then should not the poet here show an eye for nature, when it is he who has given us that jewelled phrase "the myriad-rippling laughter of the sea" (*Prom.* 90), and "the brooding crag" (*δυσόφρων πέτρα*) in the *Suppliants* (795)? Again Virgil describes the ships of Æneas making their way up the Tiber in the words:—

viridesque secant placido æquore silvas;

but the commentators are very unwilling to ascribe to the poet the meaning that the prows cleave the mimic groves reflected in the stream. One cannot help wondering whether the time will ever come when some literary compatriot of Macaulay's New Zealander will emend out of the text of Tennyson his "netted sunbeam," his "sands marbled with moon and cloud," and his "blasts that blow the poplar white." Is not this, by the way, the idea that underlies Horace's epithet of *alba* for the poplar?

Now, the truth of the matter seems to be that literature is after all one whole, and that the same features re-

cur in widely diverse periods and places. It is curious to observe how often a familiar modern sentiment can be traced to a very ancient Greek source. Shelley was not the first poet who "learned in suffering what he taught in song." An ancient grammarian Aristides tells that Alcman "being himself greatly under the tender passion became the inventor of love-poetry." Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" maintained that "the poor in a loomp is bad"; Alcæus declares that "money makes the man, and no pauper is good or honorable." The sentiment of the beautiful North Country ballad in which the mother says to her child—

The wild wind is ravin', thy minnie's
heart's sair,
The wild wind is ravin', but ye dinna
care

has its exact counterpart in the exquisite fragment of Simonides, where Danaë slings over the infant Perseus, "The salt spume that is blown o'er thy locks thou heedest not nor the roar of the gale; sleep, babe, sleep the sea, and sleep my sea of trouble. Bacchylides has anticipated a well known song of Burns when he says that a man well advanced in his cups "straightway is a warrior laying topless towers low, and soon will be king of the world." Literary criticism would seem to be essentially a modern art, but we have not only the admirable parodies of Aristophanes in the *Frogs* and *Thesmophoriazusa*, but even we find Timocreon, a very early poet, travestying a rival bard, who had a certain mannerism, which seemed to him absurd. Simonides had written—

Be this the song of Alcmena's son,
Of Alcmena's son be this the song.

Timocreon produced a rival ode beginning—

A silly song came to my ears willy-nilly,
Willy-nilly it came this song so silly.

There is nothing new under the sun—not even the modern nursery invocation of fair weather. The primitive Greek child chanted $\xi\epsilon\chi' \delta \phi\lambda' \eta\lambda\epsilon$, just as the modern child cries, "rain, rain, go to Spain," and we have in the songs of the children's games, preserved among the early melle fragments, all the true notes of nursery literature. Among the most interesting is the formula in the ritual of blind-man's buff, perhaps the most ancient of existing games. The boy who is blindfold is to say (in anapaestic verse), "I go a-hunting a brassy fly," to which the others are to reply in the same measure "A-hunting thou goest but shalt not come nigh."

The same coincidences could be shown between early Latin literature and modern poets who certainly were not borrowers. Space forbids more than a couple of examples. When Shakespeare wrote—

What in the captain's but a choleric word

That in the soldier is flat blasphemy,

he certainly had not in his mind the Ennian—

Palam muttire plebeio est placulum;

and Shylock's indignant question—

Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

is quite independent of—

Quem metuunt oderunt quem quisque
odit perisse expetit.

There is a kind of literature which would seem to be quite divorced from ancient thought—that of sad introspection. The Greeks, as has been said, were neither sick nor sorry; but to this

rule there are striking exceptions. every one will recall the $\mu\lambda\phi\upsilon\nu\alpha\iota$ $\tau\acute{o}\nu \acute{\alpha}\pi\alpha\rho\tau\alpha \nu\kappa\acute{\alpha}\lambda\lambda\acute{o}\gamma\omicron\nu$ of Sophocles, and there are many such reflections in Æschylus, notably one in the *Agamemnon* where sickness is said to be "next-door neighbor of buoyant health."

It has often been alleged that ancient literature is in one point sharply contrasted with modern. It has been said that the ancients did not commune with Nature as the moderns do, and Matthew Arnold traces to a Celtic source the modern sympathy with the magic and mystery of Nature. Professor Hardie's *Lectures on Classical Subjects*, briefly reviewed in *The Pilot* on December 26th, 1903, include a very instructive and charming essay on this subject, in which he shows that the "Pathetic Fallacy," as Ruskin calls it, which seeks in Nature moods answering to the moods of mankind, was present to the minds of the ancient poets. Theocritus claims for his own fellow-poets a communion with Nature, "we are not the first to whom beauty reveals itself as beauty, we men of women born who see not what to-morrow may bring forth." Communion with Nature does not necessarily demand detailed descriptions or minute study of phenomena, and on the other hand the minutest descriptions do not show sympathy with Nature unless they subserve the pathetic fallacy. Nature must be personified—

Ye banks and braes of Bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?

is not a clearer example of the pathetic fallacy than the Æschylean "brooding crag," the Catullian "insentient winds that cannot speak to us nor hear our cries," or the Lucretian "greedy hills" that have usurped their share of the fair earth. When Homer says that the arrows fell like snowflakes he does not thereby show any sympathy with Na-

ture, even though he proceeds to a perfect picture of a wintry day, but when Virgil tells how Dido "failed to draw the quiet night into her blood," we feel the poet's communion with her in a mystic and personal aspect. Lord Lytton's—

The day comes up above the roofs,
All sallow from a night of rain

is as mournful as Tennyson's—

On the bald street breaks the blank
day.

But Meleager's—

Why dress yourselves with smiles, ye
meads, in vain?

has not any pathos because the question is put for the frivolous reason that the meads are so much less radiant than Zenophilé.

From one point of view the ancient and the modern world are indeed sharply contrasted in their attitude towards Nature, and herein the ancients seem to us to have shown a wise discretion. They both agree in drawing from the external world illustrations of mental states. Sometimes, indeed, in ancient poetry these analogies are almost grotesque, as when Apollonius Rhodius compares the fluttering heart

The Pilot.

of Medea to rays of light reflected from the troubled surface of a tub of water, or Virgil likens the frenzied Amata's fierce unrest to the gyrations of a top whipped by boys, but boys (be it observed) of high position, for the top is whipped "round great empty halls." But the process is never inverted in ancient poetry, unless we take into account phrases like "quick as thought." Now in modern poetry such an inverted comparison is quite common. Shelley compares a rock clinging to the side of a ravine to "a wretched soul" which—

hour after hour
Clings to the mass of life.

To Browning the black thorn boughs, dark in the shade "but bright in the sunshine with coming buds, are like the bright side of a sorrow." And in the "Princess" of Tennyson there is a very striking figure of this essentially modern kind—

Let the wild
Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and
leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope,
and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling
water-smoke,
That, like a broken purpose, waste in
air.

R. Y. Tyrrell.

"SET ON EDGE."

Weep not, but when years are over,
And thine arm is strong and sure,
And thy foot is strong and steady
On the mountain and the muir,
Let thy heart be hard as iron,
And thy wrath as fierce as fire,
Till the hour of vengeance cometh
For the race that slew thy sire!

—Aytoun.

"Allah! . . . Allah! . . . Al . . . lah!"

The terrible sound, the very bitter outcry of a man, despairing, impotent, and in agony, calling upon the God that made him, not for aid or for deliverance, but to witness the extremity of his suffering, rent the heavy stillness of the morning.

Out there, beyond the parade-ground's bare and trodden expanse, where the great river, shrunk by

drought, crept sullenly through a maze of sand-banks, the heat-haze was already dancing like a host of souls in torment. Further still, the dreary wastes of sandy plain spread away and away to a horizon misty with heat, blinding with their aching glare the eye that traversed them. Here and there a charred ruin rose like a spectre from the flatness of the sand-stretch emphasizing its melancholy.

Nearer at hand also were marks of devastation—buildings blackened by fire, heaps of ashes, crumbling walls, piles of unsightly *débris*, above which rose the shattered domes of Hindu temples and the broken minarets of the mosques. For in this town of Cawnpur the awful wrath of the white men had been written large for unlettered folk to read as they ran headlong, and punishment had been dealt out unsparingly to the professors of all creeds, to *rāja* and to *ra'iat*, to serf and prince, to all whose skins were brown, with an indiscriminate, passionate fury which only the deeds that aroused it, and the latent savagery of human nature could explain, and that nothing could excuse or justify before the dreadful Judgment Seat of God.

Near the *Well*, whence after their third victory the hard-bit British veterans, weeping like hysterical women, or cursing brokenly with shameful, bitter blasphemies, had drawn out the mangled bodies of English ladies, and of little soft-limbed children—that *Well* whence the conquerors drew such an inexhaustible stream of hatred and lust of vengeance—there stood a rude scaffold. It was constructed of new, untrimmed timber, but it had seen much service since the flight of the Nana Sahib, and already it wore an air, businesslike and efficient, as of an object in frequent use. In front of it was the awful charnel house which every white man shunned, passing it with averted

eyes, and with muttered oath or prayer upon his lips. The tremendous fascination of tragedy had drawn each one of them with irresistible force to the doorway of that whitewashed prison-house, and peeping through it each in turn had seen fearful things reveal themselves—the scars left by the hacks of sword-blades on the walls and in the corners, where trembling women and wailing children had crouched and cowered, seeking in vain to escape the cruel deaths that threatened them; a fair wisp of some poor, pretty, tender creature's hair, shorn from her head by the stroke that had been directed at her neck; the little woollen shoes of a baby, piteous things, torn and stained dreadfully; and everywhere blood, blood, blood—blood splashed high upon the walls, flooding them low down in great red wave-marks, and feeding the millions of flies that buzzed noisily above the stone floor, which was red and slippery. And each spectator had turned away from these sights, some sobbing, and with the hard tears of manhood on their cheeks, some grimacing hideously as they uttered furious curses and incoherent words, but one and all with the kind founts of pity and mercy dried up within them, with everything that they had possessed of humanity throttled in the grip of an overpowering hate, the very souls of them maddened by a longing for indiscriminate retaliation upon those whose skins proved them akin to the devils who had wrought these things.

"Allah! . . . Allah! . . . Al . . . lah!"

Again that passionate outcry broke forth, and carried far and wide, appealing to the God of the Muhammadians, the God, Merciful and Compassionate, to behold the extremity of this lone man's agony.

Around the scaffold the men of two British regiments stood in hollow square, lean, hard fellows, with bronzed, bearded faces, clad in appro-

priate scarlet uniforms, with shakos on their heads, and with nothing better than linen curtains hanging about their ears to protect them from the fierce rays of an Indian sun. Behind them a multi-colored mob of natives was gathered, Hindus, Muhammadans, men of many castes and creeds, dressed in all descriptions of costumes, from loosely flowing draperies to loin-clouts, silent, awed, sullen, scowling, but instinct with a horrible eagerness. The eyes of white men and brown men alike were fixed upon one thing—the figure upon the scaffold. The soldiers' faces wore a number of varying expressions—some gazed with an indifference born of familiarity with what was going forward; some looked away from time to time, as though loth to watch longer the sufferings of that tortured man, but a terrible fascination drew their eyes back, again and again, to the spectacle of terror; in the faces of a few there was a jeering triumph, in those of others there was a stern delight; in none could pity be discerned, though one or two of the younger men trembled and shook, sickened by a weakness which they strove to conceal, and of which they were mightily ashamed.

"Allah! . . . Allah! . . . Al . . . lah!"

A third time that cry of man to his Maker rang out shattering the stillness, and a kind of tremulous wave, accompanied by a dull, barely audible murmur, swept over the mob of native spectators.

The man who uttered that strenuous outcry stood high above the ground on the platform of the rude scaffold. His arms were tied behind his back, and ropes had been bound about his chest. His legs were made fast by stout cords securely knotted above the knees and about the ankles. He stood there, pinioned and fettered, his whole body rigid and immovable. Only the head, with that awful face up-turned

towards the Heaven upon which its owner cried, was free.

The condemned man was clad in the flowing garments of the Muhammadan, garments which had once been white, but which were now crumpled and foul. The knees and elbows were stained red, and his beard was soiled with clots of human blood, for, in accordance with the sentence passed in that terrible hour of barbarous vengeance, he had been forced to lick clean with his tongue one square-foot of the pavement in that place of murder and death. The back of his coat, where it stood out against his shoulder-blades, which the ropes drew into prominence, or where it fell slack between them, was spotted with streaks and dots of the same color, for this pure bred Muhammadan had been savagely scourged by *Sweepers*, low-caste folk, whose very touch is a defilement.

His tense face was ashen-gray—that hideous tint to which brown skins alone can blanch under the stress of mighty emotion—and the ghastliness of its hue was enhanced by contrast with the ragged fringe of black beard which framed those pallid features. The eyes, starting from their sockets, were strained upward to the un pitying heavens; the pale lips were drawn back, as in a snarl, exposing livid gums, and teeth that ground loudly against each other; deep lines of agony seamed his face.

Yet, in the eyes of this doomed wretch, the death that awaited him was as nothing. He was mad with terror, stricken wild with despair; but it was not the fear of death that tortured him, not despair, born of a knowledge of the inexorable hatred of his foes, that stretched him there, in the gaze of all men, as upon an invisible rack. His terror was of the eternal damnation that surely awaited him beyond the awful Bourne, despair of salvation, since that is denied to those

who go to their death thus outrageously defiled, whose very bodies are doomed to be reduced to ashes and scattered to the four winds, past the power of human or angelic gathering.

"Allah! . . . Allah! . . . Al . . . lah!"

Once more that terrible outcry split the silence, and now it was followed by a gush of fierce words, words that stumbled over one another in the impetuous torrent of their outflow, words spoken by one who knew that his time was short, words that sent a thrill like a cold shudder passing over the sea of up-turned brown faces that spread away from the scaffold to the ruined walls of Cawnpūr. "Brothers, my brothers, I die! I, Mir Abdullah! These dogs have defiled my body . . . my corpse they will burn with fire . . . they will strew mine ashes on the ground . . . and the Resurrection, the awful Kiamah, the Last Great Day of all, shall not find Mir Abdullah among the tale of the Sons of the Faith! . . . Hear me, oh my brothers! Hear this, the cry of Mir Abdullah who dieth now before your eyes, and dieth body and soul!" The stream of passionate words, broken at first by gasps and sobs—hard sobs that brought with them no gentle relief of tears—flowed now in fierce spate from the lips of that ghastly figure, which stood high above the heads of the listening throng, its body rigid, the very incarnation of agony, its livid face still straining towards the Heaven which man in his malice had denied him. "A legacy!" he cried. "A legacy I leave to my son—my little son Mir Akhbar! Ye who listen to my words go forth, I bid you, go forth from this place of sin, and bear the tidings of what hath befallen me to the widow woman who will mourn for me in Delhi City, in the alley by the Jumna Musjid! Tell her of the doings of these dog-folk, tell to her how, robbed of salvation by the foul defilements of my body, my soul went

forth shrieking to Naraka, and calling upon Allah to pity and avenge! Bid her breed the boy, my son, so that in the appointed hour he, propelled by the finger of Allah, may accomplish that vengeance! Bid her train him with a hatred of these dog-folk in his heart, with curses of them upon his lips! Bid her teach him to pray for their destruction at each bowing down, aye from the Fajr to the Isa! Bid her train him till his hand is cunning with the weapons that slay! Bid her instil but a single idea, a single duty into his mind—the idea of vengeance, the duty of taking the life of the man who hath dishonored and slain his father! Brothers, I had nought to do with the killing that went forward in that place of death! Am I, Mir Abdullah, a paid butcher that I should sully my hand with such work as that? But for a crime in which I had no share, here die I body and soul! Oh, my brothers, bear to my son full tidings of this thing. He is very little, but presently he will know and understand! And above all other names let him cherish and remember the name of Bari Sahib, the war chief, who hath condemned me to the double death!"

"What's the old beggar jawing about?" asked the officer in charge of the execution party of a young civilian who stood near him to the right of the scaffold.

"I can't quite make out," was the answer. "He's talking so infernally fast that it's difficult to follow him, but it's something about a son of his who is apparently in Delhi, and I think he says that he's innocent, but they all say that."

"Yes, damn them," said the officer. "Hadn't we better get to work, eh?"

"I should think so," said the civilian. "There are a dozen others to be slung up before noon."

"I charge you, brothers, to bear these my words to the widow and to my man-

child!" The passionate voice was still pealing forth in commanding tones speaking with all the grim majesty of death. "In the name of Allah I charge you! In the name of Muhammad, the Prophet of Allah! Allah! . . . Allah! . . ."

"Slip the bolt, Bill," growled the sergeant to the hangman in obedience to a word from his officer.

"Allah! . . . Al . . ."

The trap-doors fell inward suddenly; the rigid figure which they had supported dropped like a bolt, was arrested with a mighty jerk, shuddered, just as a steam-launch shudders when an unseen rock brings it to an abrupt standstill from racing at full-speed, was convulsed for an instant by quick, short spasms, and then swung slowly to and fro at the end of the rope. The head was canted over the left shoulder, but the blackened face was still fixed upon the skies, the swollen tongue loling out as though in derision of the heaven that had been denied to the passing soul.

A sound like a groan ran through the mob of natives, and some one on the outskirts of the crowd screamed shrilly, calling, as the dead man had done, upon

The Pilot

the name of Allah and his Prophet. The soldiers well used to their work, began to make the engine of vengeance ready for its next victim. A kite, high up in the heavens, hovered with motionless wings, scenting the carrion which it dared not approach.

In the scanty shade of the parched trees, which flanked the parade-ground on the right, a Muhammadan mendicant sat cross-legged in seeming contemplation. He was hideous to look at, his hair long and in matted rats-tails hung about his shoulders and over his breast, he was dressed in tattered garments, and his body was wasted by much fasting, and filthy as only that of an unclean Oriental can be. His lips moved perpetually though no sound came from them. The rest of his body was still, rigidly still, only as the drop fell, over there at the scaffold, his fingers twisted a string which he held like a rosary, into a big, hard knot. The cord was already marked in this manner in more than a dozen places, but the knot which the holy man's fingers now fashioned, though his eyes never glanced at it, was double the size of those that had preceded it.

Hugh Clifford.

(To be continued.)

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Joseph Conrad's new romance "Nostromo," now appearing as a serial in England, has its scene laid in South America.

The completed work which Henry Seton Merriman left consists of a volume of stories and a new novel. The former will be published this spring under the title "Other Stories," and the

novel, "The Last Hope," which is of the time of Napoleon III., will be published in the early autumn after it has run its serial course in the Illustrated London News.

The Academy thinks that the literary history of 1903 was particularly distinguished for biographies. It mentions among them the biographies or

autobiographies of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, Dr. Guinness Rogers, Lord Wolseley, Lord Gough, W. W. Story, Voltaire, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Galileo, Daniel O'Connell, J. C. Horsley, R.A., Sir Francis Cowley Burnand, Charles Reade, Thackeray, Fanny Burney, Crabbe, Queen Victoria, Robert Buchanan, and several others; large and small, a varied and a goodly list.

The London Publishers' Circular prints a summary of the publications of 1903 in England, which shows a total, including new books and new editions, of 8,381 items, which is exactly a thousand above the previous year. Much of this gain, if it is a gain, is due to pamphlets. Theology (702) has notably increased, and so have educational books (748), though arts and sciences and law are not so well represented. The section of juvenile works and novels exceeds the last record, and is, as usual, by far the largest (2,650). Weary reviewers will not be surprised to see that the new books alone in this line reached in October 296, and in November 347, the new editions in each of these months being over a hundred.

The seventh volume of the documentary history of The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898, is taken up with the events of the important four years 1588-91. These years marked a stage in the history of the islands, for the "Audiencia" gave place to a royal governor, who was sent out with instructions to reform abuses. The history of three centuries later was curiously anticipated, for there were conspiracies of the natives against the Spaniards, which

were savagely repressed, and the question of Chinese immigration was already a threatening one. There was also continuing friction between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and the energetic and somewhat arrogant figure of Bishop Salazar held the centre of the stage. The documents translated, which are of quaint interest, are made intelligible by the notes and preface of the editors. The Arthur H. Clark Company.

The Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland, for whom formidable literary undertakings appear to possess a peculiar charm, announce under the general title "Early Western Travels" a series of annotated reprints of some of the best and rarest contemporary volumes of travel, covering the period from 1748 to 1846, and descriptive of the aborigines and social and economic conditions in the middle and far West, during the years of early American settlement. The series will be edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, the editor of "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," etc., and will contain facsimiles of the original title-pages, maps, portraits, views, etc. There will be thirty-one volumes, the first one containing selections from the letters and journals of Conrad Weiser, George Croghan, Charles Frederick Post, and Captain Thomas Morris. The edition is limited to 750 complete sets; and readers who are acquainted with the documentary history of The Philippine Islands, which the same house is publishing, will feel confident regarding the attractive and substantial form of presentation of the new series.

TIME AND THE CHILDREN.

Where they play among the grasses,
 If perchance a dark cloud passes
 O'er their places,
 Not a shadow of the morrow
 Brings a sorrow
 To their faces;

For they hear the bluebells ringing
 When the fairies rock the steeple,
 And they see the green grass swinging
 'Neath the feet of fairy people.

Ah! Father Time,
 Their golden hours are few,
 And the arch of the rainbow is still to
 climb

And the fairies to find in the dew!
 —Will you not wait for the children?

Through the lilacs straying, playing,
 What the children hear them saying
 All the sages

Have no nope of ever learning
 In the turning
 Of dull pages;

For they cannot hear the laughing
 Of the elfin-comrades drinking
 When the morning dew's for quaffing
 And the cowslip cups are clinking.

Ah! Time, each rose
 Her best for the children weaves;
 Soon, too soon, as the wan world
 knows

They will walk in the brown dead
 leaves.

—Will you not wait for the children?

Time! The days are short for reaping
 Mirth, but ah! so long for weeping!
 And the wreath

Withers oft before its binding
 Or, unwinding,
 Pales to death!

Leave them to their wild-flower braid-
 ing

With the kind blue sky above them,
 For those wreaths, tho' swiftly fading,
 Last as long as child-hearts love
 them.

We dare not climb,
 And the fairies for us are dead;
 Will you not wait for the children,
 Time,

And hurry us home instead?
 —Ah! Time! Wait for the children!

Will H. Ogilvie.

Temple Bar.

IN WINTER-TIME.

Ah, my Beloved! when the snowflakes
 fall,

And all the world is dead and cold
 and sere,

A weight lies on my heart as if each
 year

Had fallen like these flakes and
 wrought a pall

Cold as the snow and heavier than all!
 Does death lie 'neath its folds? Have
 doubt and fear

Killed faith and hope and love, and
 every dear,

Sweet dream of youth that we can still
 recall?

In truth, I know that 'neath it, through
 the sod,

New life is quickening in root and tree;
 That soon the snows will melt, and fair
 flowers nod

To the warm sun. I know that this
 will be.

Ah, if I knew it were the will of God,
 His spring-time then might come to
 thee and me!

Kate Mellersh.

Chambers's Journal.

MELANCHOLIA.

In the cold starlight, on the barren
 beach,

Where to the stones the rent sea-
 tresses clave,

I heard the long hiss of the backward
 wave

Down the steep shingle, and the hollow
 speech

Of murmurous cavern-lips, nor other
 breach

Of ancient silence. None was with
 me, save

Thoughts that were neither glad nor
 sweet nor brave,

But restless comrades, each the foe of
 each.

And I beheld the waters in their might
 Writhe as a dragon by some great
 spell curbed

And foiled; and one lone sail; and over
 me

The everlasting tactiturnity;

The august, inhospitable, inhuman
 night

Glittering magnificently unperturbed.

William Watson.

